



# THE CRAFTSMAN



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## AMERICA, THE PRODIGAL: THE POSSIBILITY OF A FAMINE IN WOOD AND WHAT CAN BE DONE TO AVERT IT: BY CHARLES R. LAMB, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN TREE PLANTING ASSOCIATION

"Often the man sat under the tree, and always its shade and the sweetness thereof stimulated in him the process of thought. But one day some persons came and cut the tree down and ground it up into pulp of which they made books. And the reading of these, indispensable to culture in the accepted sense, left the man no time to think."—Puck.



UNFORTUNATELY for our country it is not only the man who has migrated from the shade tree to the library who has ceased the needful and rare process of thinking. But from one end of the country to the other it is the man who has cut down the tree who presents himself as a spectacle of the unthinking prodigal so far as the welfare of his land is concerned. Up to the present decade we have been the most extravagant and reckless of all countries in the wasting of our natural heritage. Perhaps it is because we have had no part in the creating of our resources that we have cared nothing for their protection. Never having planted or tended trees, we have developed no affection for our wonderful forests; not having grown up close to them we have gathered no traditions or legends from our deep green woods; we have never entered their wonderful hushed sweetness with reverent, memory-clad feet; there are no fairies or heroes on the heights of our hillsides or in the depths of our valleys to hold back our iconoclastic greedy spirit.

And we have done no better by our wild kindred than by our forests. We have slaughtered the most beautiful of our wild animals recklessly to wear them; our now extinct birds have rested in the most widespread fashion on feminine heads. As for the natural beauty of our land,—what have we cared for it? Our picturesque river fronts are but holes and blotches; our wonderful water-sheds are barren hillsides, our water courses are drained and polluted.

But to return to the tree question: Have we ever thought, stopped long enough in our pursuit of gain to try to understand, what the wood-

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land of a country means to the beauty of that country? Why, our forests are the very physiognomy of the land; they create from one stretch of country to another the various different personalities. They are a part of the romance of every hillside and lane and homestead from Maine to California.

We need our trees as we need our friends, new and old, for their joy and their beauty, and as a nation we have not treated these very gracious friends with much appreciation of their value and charm. We have sacrificed them for every kind of greed and unscrupulous opportunity. We have ignored their beautiful purpose in life; we have sold a marvelous birthright for a very foolish little mess of gold pottage.

And now at last that we are waking up, we discover our forests denuded, our springs wasted; we find barren stretches of land, cruel empty valleys; we are even threatened with the prospect of water famine. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the country cries out for readjustment; for the protection of our wild animals, and for the reforestation of our hills and valleys.

THE methods of tree planting heretofore in use have been, first, the individual house owner planting on his own property; second, the planting of trees along the streetway by real estate owners appreciating trees as an improvement to property intended for sale; third, the donating of trees to be planted under the direction of the Tree Planting Association by generous people believing that the tree is essential not only to the beauty but to the health of the city,—one donor, for example, last year paying for one hundred trees and their proper installation,—and to these methods must be added the work of the Park Departments which have heretofore practically restricted their efforts to the parks themselves, although within recent years many streets called parkways have been placed under their jurisdiction.

The recent tardy recognition on the part of the United States of the genius of that great engineer, L'Enfant, who, under the direction of the first President, Washington, laid out the city of that name, brings at this time direct attention again to the beauty of the city of Washington, and when that beauty is analyzed a very large proportion of it is in the location and the planting, particularly with trees, of the parkways and the wonderfully intelligent addition of trees throughout all the streets. No street has less than a line of trees on either sidewalk; most streets have double rows and in some of the wider avenues triple and quadruple rows.

To those of us who believe in the Peace Conference, it is a satis-

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faction to give credit to the War Department, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of the control (owing to the military necessities, so considered) of the main streets and boulevards of Washington. Theoretically, the streets are to be cleared so that cannon can control them from end to end, but in the interim theories are set aside and the streets have been planted in the past, and today are a joy to everyone whose love for nature still remains in spite of city walls.

The method of control of tree planting is obviously one that must be centralized, and no better form has been devised than to place all city trees under the care of the Park Department, assuming, as naturally one must, that competent expert advice is or will be employed to bear the responsibilities of such oversight. The Honorable Henry Smith, the present intelligent Park Commissioner of Manhattan and the Bronx, found on taking up his work that the question of soil was one for which no standard had been established by the city, and any kind of dirt was apparently considered good enough for park or parkway. His insistence upon a standard of soil and the proper regulations regarding the use of such soil will make a distinct improvement in the growth of the trees during the next decade, and his intelligent use of the minor sums, that have been given to his department, in replacing the old trees with new, as well as repairing and trying to save as many of the old trees as possible, will mean that when eventually these old trees will have to be removed, the young ones will be found approaching maturity, furnishing beauty and shade.

There will, however, never be a satisfactorily planted street in our city or in any other until either the very autocratic system of a centralized government, like Washington, is followed, or the laws are so recast that a city itself can (under proper regulations) authorize the planting of trees throughout an entire street, indicating the regular points along the sidewalk for such planting, controlling the selection of the trees as to those best adapted to thrive under city conditions, and finally making the charge for the trees, either as an assessment against the property in front of which the trees stand, or a general assessment against all the property along the street so beautified.

Fortunately, a large variety of trees can be selected which will comply with city conditions, and thus the personal preference of the house owner can in a great measure be realized. There are, however, certain trees which should never be planted, and the veto power necessary must rest with those in authority who are experts. We all know of the plague of caterpillars which came to our mothers and grandmothers in the days gone by as a result of planting the ailanthus tree (beloved of all squirming things) in many localities of New York.

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IF WE had had even a little care of our trees we would not need to make such a strenuous plea for their replanting in city and country, but no prodigal ever wasted his patrimony more wantonly and heedlessly than has this great country, whose three thousand or more miles from east to west and two thousand or more miles from north to south held less than two hundred years ago successive groups of virgin forest. And today, as a matter of fact, we are all but facing a tree famine. And this matter of wholesale destruction has not been merely to satisfy our needs, such as the construction of dwellings and furnishings and the multiplied uses of wood, as, for instance, the wood pulp form, for which millions of feet of timber are cut annually. The loss has been largely through waste and negligence; from careless lumbermen and through forest fires which could have been prevented. It is probably only since the appointment of such an expert authority on forestry as Gifford Pinchot at the head of the Department of Forestry that any real consideration has been given to the need of caring for our trees and the planting for succeeding generations, and even today in no Government report that we are familiar with can be found an emphasis laid on our lumber output, to dignify it commercially as a crop of annual harvesting. "King Cotton," we know, and the grain of the West is quoted daily in the market-places as to the quality of the crop and its price. Corn, rice and all the great staples are calculated bushel by bushel, and prosperity is prophesied according to the millions of bushels in each case that the prophets think may be obtained. Dame Nature's consideration of our needs along these lines is the theme of business man and statistician, student of economics and poet, but no one has yet spoken or written authoritatively about the lumber "output," or the enormous value that the country would realize by an intelligent planting of our waste areas in the interests of the tree crop. When our farmers and other business men realize the tree as a national asset and the advisability of planting for the future, that by so doing they are making better investments for their descendants than by placing money in the savings banks, then will we commence to have quoted as of definite importance among the revenues of our country the reports of our wood harvests from month to month, which will probably lead in a short time to the intelligent utilization of areas now unproductive in many cases. Such quotations will be found to be increasing in value yearly, so that within the near future our woods will be recognized with our cotton and the grain exports as a standard asset.

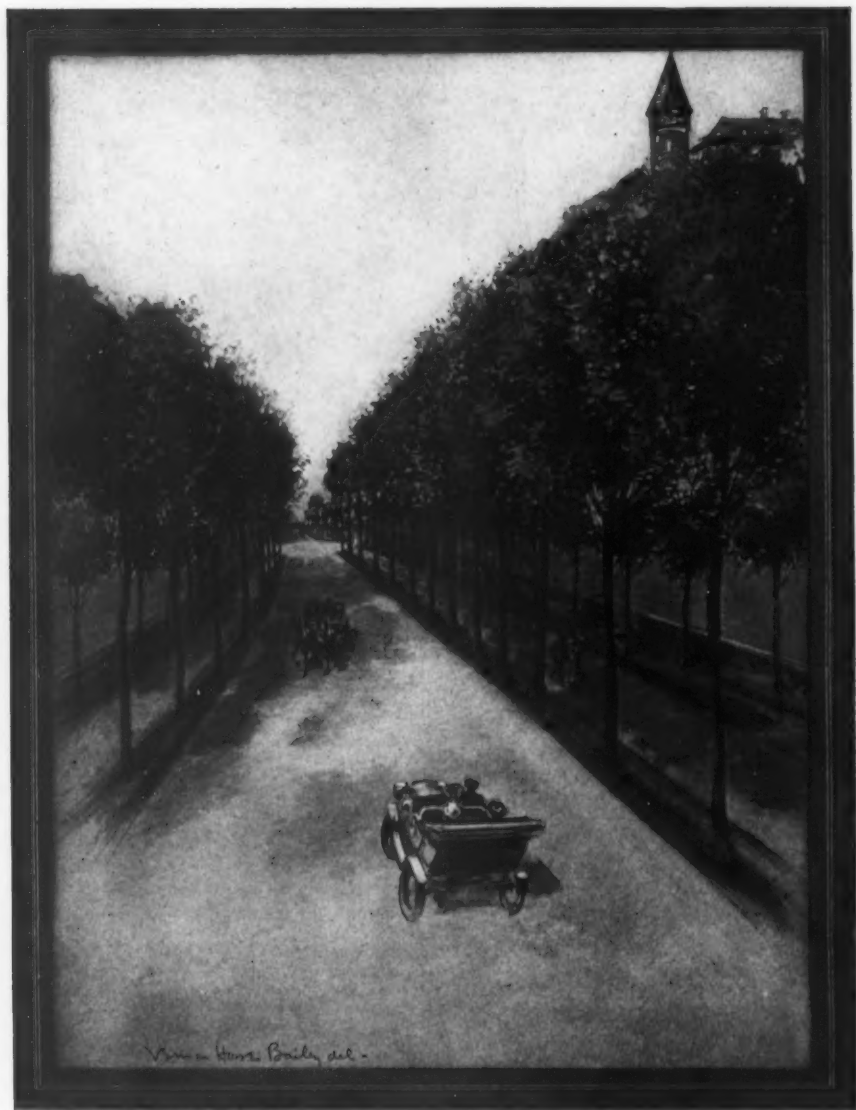
It has been occasionally my privilege in considering the necessities of such great corporations as the railroads, with reference to their annual wood requirement, to suggest to many the possibility of securing





*Tree Planting along "Rights of Way."*

PRACTICAL PLAN FOR PLANTING TREES  
ALONG RAILROAD TRACKS, WHICH WILL  
BENEFIT BOTH PUBLIC AND CORPORATION:  
SUGGESTION BY CHARLES R. LAMB.



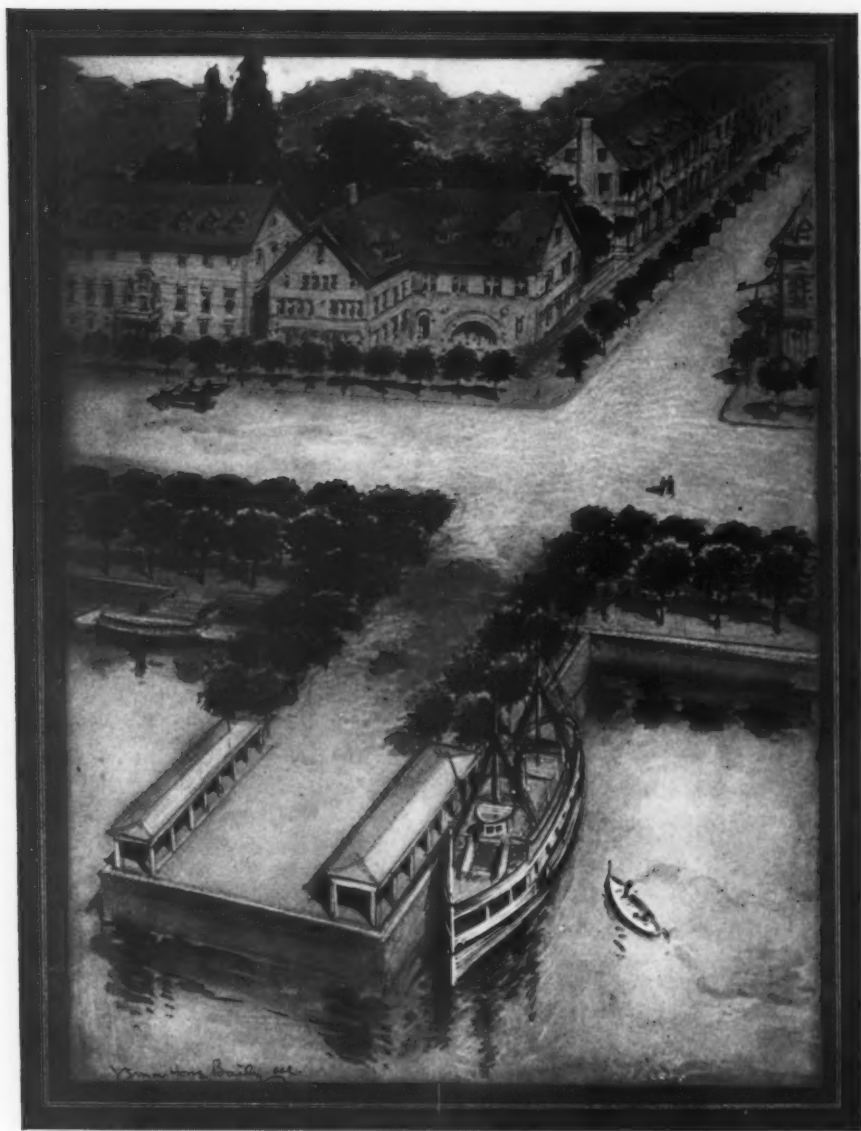
*Tree Planting along "Rights of Way."*

A PICTURESQUE HIGHWAY THROUGH A  
COUNTRY SECTION, WITH THE ROAD FLANKED  
ON EITHER SIDE BY A DOUBLE ROW OF TREES:  
SUGGESTION BY CHARLES R. LAMB.



*Tree Planting along "Rights of Way."*

A DOUBLE ROW OF TREES PLANTED ALONG THE TOWPATH  
OF A CANAL, WHICH WILL ACT NOT MERELY AS A WIND-  
BREAK AND SHADE BUT AS A FOREST RESERVATION:  
SUGGESTION BY CHARLES R. LAMB.



*Tree Planting along "Rights of Way."*

SYSTEM OF TREE PLANTING ALONG THE RIVER FRONT,  
A DOUBLE ROW OF TREES TO BE CULTIVATED  
FOR PROFIT AS WELL AS PICTURESQUE EFFECT:  
SUGGESTION BY CHARLES R. LAMB.



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the wood needed for railroad ties, for station building, for improvements in and around each of such buildings, by a system of planting along their "right of way," so that the tracks and roadways will be improved by the beauty of the trees and their foliage, and the trees themselves so planted in double or triple lines that one line can be harvested as the other is growing to take its place. In other words, if trees are planted in lines of five years apart, when one tree has reached maturity the next tree will be approaching it and the younger tree of the third line will be arriving at middle age, each to be replaced by the succeeding plantings.

This suggestion is intended to form a working agreement between the railroads and the public by which the latter for the "right of way" given will in turn be considered as the original owners in said "right of way," and to whom as grantors the grantee shall realize the moral obligation in the beautification of the roadway by tree planting, as well as the general responsibility to the nation at large for the minimum destruction of forests through the necessary demands of wood for railway construction.

If the public understands that corporations, wherever they are under obligations to the State or Government, shall consider tree planting as an essential to "rights of way," the corollary follows that the public at large shall through its own machinery, either State or Government, recognize its responsibility to the "rights of way" over which it has absolute control.

**T**HE good roads movement is recognized by all States. As far as roadbeds are concerned it is an intelligent movement, but nowhere as yet in this country has the good roads movement included as an integral part of its development the systematic, persistent and artistic planting of trees. Another sketch is therefore shown to indicate a great highway through the country sections, flanked on either side by double rows of trees, thus giving adequate shadow to the pathways and breaking the sunlight picturesquely across the roadbed itself. Again the idea is to be borne in mind that the intelligent planting of trees presupposes their harvesting, and that the lumber so secured will come back as a definite asset to the State treasury. To do this merely means that the planting shall be at such periods of time that the removal of one entire line or alternating trees in each line will not interfere with the effect from the landscape point of view.

Another and very important "right of way" in many States and notably in the Empire State, is the canals. Here again the control is vested in the State Government and it is quite within the province

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of the Administration to plant on either side of the towpath, trees which in turn will act not merely as windbreaks and shade to the passing tow men, but also as a forest reservation would, permitting again the harvesting yearly of timber when ripe for the axe.

The fourth sketch which I have prepared indicates another opportunity for communities, both in city, town and State, to plant avenues of trees and to cultivate these for profit as well as for the picturesque effect of the foliage itself. And this is along our riverways, again the "right of way," the oldest right of way that we have, that of our rivers and smaller streams. Before railroads existed, before high roads were built, before even trails were beaten through the forests, the rivers and the streams naturally became the lines of communication. The forests have disappeared before the march of so-called civilization, and today the beauty of the banks in nearly all cases has been destroyed. The opportunity to reestablish on firm economic lines an intelligent compromise between the virgin forest of yesterday and the dreary desolation of today is indicated in the last suggestion. Economic consideration must be the basis of any permanent movement for the beautification of every community. "Art for art's sake" is a slogan that personally I would never care to use. "Beauty as a civic asset" is distinctly preferable. When preaching the gospel of tree planting it will be found that the maximum result will be secured where the economic necessities of wood for manufacturing and other purposes are recognized. Then the sentiment surrounding the tree, which unfortunately too often becomes sentimentality, shall be set aside in the interests of the cultivation, and the harvesting of trees upon a frank recognition of the necessity of such harvesting be accepted, but with an intelligent scheme of planting by which the ghastly wastes of a denuded land, such as the Adirondacks, shall not lie upon the conscience of a great commonwealth. "Woodman, spare that tree," was a poetic protest not as against the sacrifice of a national forest, but as against the destruction of a single tree, a tree if of noble proportion and healthy growth that may have been entitled to its prolonged life; but too frequently trees are permitted by inattention and neglect to decay and become unsightly and unsafe and lose their artistic charm and individual character. Then we should have the surgeon's knife, the intelligent use of the axe and the substitution of young tree growth, which in turn shall become the greater tree, replacing in due course the one thus removed. The fetish against touching any tree is as much to be protested against as the wholesale destruction of all trees. No satisfactory results will be secured either on the part of the Government, State or municipality or even by private action until trees shall be

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considered as any other natural growth, planted with due regard to climatic conditions, to consideration of soil, to time of development for each tree in its own group or classification, the proper husbanding of the trees during the process of their growth, and finally the proper disposal of the trees at the period when the wood is at its best for man's use in the arts and crafts.

THE beauty of wood in construction, its possibilities of utilization and variety in color have never fully been considered at any period of the world's history; possibly because in each country or nation certain restrictions governed by climatic conditions, primarily, have placed but a few kinds of wood, but a few colors on the palette, so to speak, of the craftsman. But today these conditions have changed in a marked degree by the development in this country at least, of the growth of many woods of many lands. Fortunately within our great territory nearly all temperatures are represented, and there are varied climatic conditions which would make possible the fir tree of Norway and almost in our Southern borders the palm of the tropics. The hard woods of the islands, the mahoganies and more beautiful cabinet woods which heretofore have come to us from other lands, could, if the Government should experiment, be found in many cases, if not in all, capable of development in some part of our territory.

The writer is a non-believer in an ideal home that shall be made of cement and stone *only*, and of which wood shall form no integral part. Possibly he is old-fashioned, possibly he is prejudiced, but wood with its beautiful graining, wood with its definite color scheme, has so much more intimate touch to personal contact, has so much more a satisfactory effect to the eye, that he for one protests that under the stress of "forest ravages and wood famines" it becomes possible for construction firms, cement manufacturers, stone quarries, etc., to emphasize the costs of their materials as being relatively no greater than wood and thus urging upon us as a possible future the age of home life with only the unsympathetic surface which these materials supply. The quality of finish in tones harmonious to the wood itself has many artistic possibilities, limited only by the feeling of the artist utilizing his material in the interests of the most sympathetic results. The carving of wood and the absolute charm that the clean-cut line of the sculptor-carver gives in this most congenial of all materials for carving is one that to lose from our homes, to say nothing of losing it from our public buildings, would be a national disaster, and yet unless some word of protest is raised to prevent destruction (and fortunately there are many words of protest now

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being so raised), and unless, and this the writer wishes to emphasize, other words of suggestion as to how to secure the maximum material necessary for a great and growing nation's needs are uttered, we will soon be face to face with an economic condition where cement will take the place of wood, and the cheerlessness of a refractory and unsympathetic material will be the substitute for the one which has been man's companion from the first habitation raised by his hands.

The "roof tree" indicates in words the realization of the fact that from time immemorial man has looked to the forests for his home construction. Is it not then incumbent upon us of this generation to see that there shall be preserved for our children at least the possibility of selection in material, and the use by them, if they so will, of wood in its most beautiful form and of its greatest variety? A hundred years ago, approximately, a great philanthropist, here in this new country, a resident of Philadelphia, exclaimed: "If I knew that I were to die tomorrow, I would plant a tree today." What better epitaph for Stephen Girard, what more noble thought than the one embodied in this short sentence!

We rail at the Government and its mistakes; at the State and its lack of recognition of the lines of development within its borders, at the City Administration and its inability to realize the necessities of the community, and yet in so doing we forget to ask the query, "What is the Government; what the State, what is the City Administration?" If so asked, the inevitable answer at once comes to our own minds, "We are the Government; we the State; we are the City Administration." And it is therefore our responsibility to see that such propositions as make for the betterment of the community, national, state or civic, shall be established, fundamentally, so as to be worked out, in a sense, automatically, through the machinery of administration, along such lines as, preventing mistakes, will secure both economic and artistic success, without which no great development will ever be secured in the future, that future for which all forces work either good or bad—the future of which the poet may still sing, the artist paint, and in which the "man" himself recreates.





## CARNEGIE INSTITUTE AT PITTSBURGH PRESENTED AS THE AMERICAN SALON: BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND



ART development in the United States, or rather the evolution of art taste and production, is not only spasmodic but apt seemingly to progress along unexpected lines, and to have its manifestations in unexpected places. There has been much discussion in the press of the United States during the past twenty years of the question of an American salon,—the majority of newspaper writers on the subject seemed to think that a salon is a building of contemporary art, catholic in scope,—but somehow it had never occurred to even the more intelligent writers on this subject to suggest Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, as the spot for such an American salon. That enterprising and busy city is synonymous to most Americans, and indeed to foreigners who know anything of the United States, with vast and newly acquired wealth, a somewhat crude and raw civilization, burned and blasted hillsides, foundries and factories suggestive of the inferno, and miles of coke ovens whose smoke ascendeth ceaselessly to heaven.

And yet in this city of Pittsburgh, teeming with busy manufacturing life—America's first real international salon was opened in eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and has been repeated annually ever since, with only the lapse of two years, nineteen hundred and two, when a loan exhibit was held, and nineteen hundred and six, while the new building of the Carnegie Institute was in process of erection. This opportunity for a salon was due to the beneficence of Andrew Carnegie, the local pride of the city which made his fortunes, a taste for and sympathy with the cause of art in America on the part of friends and fellow citizens of Mr. Carnegie, notably John Caldwell, William N. Frew, Joseph R. Woodwell, A. Bryan Wall, William McConway, E. M. Bigelow, Durbin Horne and George W. Guthrie, to the happy choice as director of the Fine Arts Department of the Museum of John W. Beatty (himself an artist of reputation, but having the unusual added faculty, for an artist, of good business and executive ability), and also to that Pittsburgh spirit and energy, which has played the chief part in the enrichment of the community.

The idea of an American salon with pictures from other lands, an international jury and a breadth of plan and scope not found in American exhibitions up to that time was not a novel one, but those who conceived it in New York, Philadelphia and other cities lacked the money necessary to perfect the plan. Artists and collectors are not as a rule eager—and the former are not often able—to defray

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the cost of transportation and insurance, the latter especially a heavy one, for their pictures and sculptures to and from exhibitions at near or distant points, and especially across the seas. The very small representation in the Paris salons of American artists living and working at home is due to this inability or indisposition to defray the costs of exhibiting at these central art displays of the world. And it became necessary for the managers of the International Exposition at Venice this year to defray the cost of a representative display of American pictures there. One of the largest items in the expense budget of national as well as international expositions is that for the transportation, boxing and insurance of pictures and sculpture.

SO WHEN an American salon was suggested to Mr. Carnegie by Pittsburgh art lovers about nineteen hundred and two, the project was thought to be almost fantastic. It was pointed out that it not only involved great expense for the necessary transportation, insurance and other details, but that it would require large and numerous galleries, well lit and appointed, and a goodly addition to the staff of employees of the then comparatively small Institute; and that it would also involve large money prizes to induce the better foreign as well as American artists to enter their works for exhibition. These objections and others which were raised, were overcome by the optimism of Mr. Carnegie, the trustees of the Institute above mentioned and Director Beatty, but more effectively and effectually by the purse of Pittsburgh's Midas, which was ever responsive to the demands of the Institute upon it. Circulars were sent out to some of the leading artists of Europe and the United States, money prizes, three in number (carrying with them respectively gold, silver and bronze medals), of one thousand five hundred dollars, one thousand dollars, and five hundred dollars were provided, and with infinite trouble the first salon was held in temporary galleries adjoining the Institute in Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, in the autumn of eighteen hundred and ninety-six. The display was a revelation to art lovers, and Pittsburgh itself was wild with enthusiasm.

In that year the three medals and money prizes were awarded respectively to the Scotchman, John Lavery, the Frenchman, Jean François Raffaëlli and the American woman painter, Cecilia Beaux. Good evidence of the standing of both foreign and American exhibitors in this Pittsburgh salon is shown by a glance at the list of prize winners since eighteen hundred and ninety-six, which includes such names as those of J. J. Shannon, André Dauchez, Lucien Simon, Gaston La Touche, D. W. Tryon, Frank W. Benson, Thomas



*Honorable Mention in the Thirteenth  
Annual Exhibit of Carnegie Institute.*

"AMUSEMENT": E. A.  
HORNEL, PAINTER.



*Honorable Mention in the Thirteenth  
Annual Exhibit of Carnegie Institute.*

"IN RITTENHOUSE SQUARE": ELIZABETH  
SPARHAWK-JONES, PAINTER.





*First Class Medal and Prize of \$1,500, at the  
Thirteenth Annual Exhibit of Carnegie Institute.*

"GIRL CROCHETING": EDMUND  
C. TARBELL, PAINTER.



*Third Class Medal and Prize of \$500 at the  
Thirtieth Annual Exhibit of Carnegie Institute.*

NOVEMBER HILLS: BRUCE  
CRANE, PAINTER.

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W. Dewing, Childe Hassam, Edmund C. Tarbell, William L. Lathrop, J. Alden Weir, Emil Carlsen, Thomas Eakins, Henri Le Sidaner and William Sergeant Kendall, while the artists who received honorable mentions include also some best-known names in American art.

After ten successive exhibitions in the temporary galleries, those of the new and large Institute building, and which are the most spacious, best lit and beautiful in America, were opened in April, nineteen hundred and seven. With their opening the American salon made a great advance. The exhibition of nineteen hundred and seven, in which Gaston La Touche won the gold medal and first money prize with his somewhat sensational picture of "The Bath," made a decided stir in the art world not only of the United States but of Europe.

Last year's display had as its chief feature a retrospective exhibition of the works of Winslow Homer, and this year there are similar group exhibitions of works by the eminent English landscapist, Alfred East, and the American landscapist, Henry W. Ranger, and a memorial exhibition of the works of the dead sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, previously held in New York and Washington; but far more effective in the spacious sculpture hall of the Carnegie Institute than it was in the Metropolitan Museum or the Corcoran Gallery. The showing of the larger statues, especially the Lincoln, the "Victory," and the Adams' monument figure of "Grief" against backgrounds of evergreens and tapestries greatly heightened their effectiveness, while the busts and bas-reliefs and smaller sculpture was well displayed in an adjoining room.

In the salon of this year there were shown in the galleries some two hundred and ninety-six oils by about one hundred and nineteen Americans and seventy-five foreign painters which, with the exception of the East and Ranger landscapes and a few pictures in some of the smaller rooms, were hung on one line. This greatly heightened the effect of the canvases displayed in the three large and two smaller galleries and made them delightful to study. As one walked through these galleries and noted the examples of painters of so many schools and nationalities, such varied methods and techniques, and also the variety of subjects, one could not but regret that this artistic feast, as it were, should be spread for the delectation of the art lovers of Pittsburgh alone. For the collections that make up the salon go, after its close June thirtieth, back to their owners, many of them not to be seen again in America. Why should not the art museums of New York, Chicago, Boston and St. Louis and the Academy of Philadelphia cooperate with the Carnegie Institute, and each in turn offer this annual salon to the art lovers of their respective cities?

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THIS year an American painter, Edmund C. Tarbell, bore off the first medal and prize of one thousand five hundred dollars with his "Girl Crocheting," a work which, while it has been exhibited many times and is well known to American art lovers, grows in favor. It is really an American Vermeer of Delft and treats most successfully that most difficult problem—the effect of light in a room. Another American, the landscape painter, Bruce Crane, captured the third prize for a simple and strong landscape, "November Hills;" while the second prize went to the English figure painter, George Sauter, for an interior with figures, entitled "The Bridal Morning," which has been adversely criticized for its stiff and wooden nude figure and mawkish sentiment, although it had attractive and delicate color. Among the honorable mentions was one to Philadelphia's young woman painter, Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, who showed a most delightful outdoors with figures, "In Rittenhouse Square," and an equally good interior with figures, "The Veil Counter." The foreign winners of honorable mentions were, E. A. Hornel, who showed some children playing in the sunlight, under rose bushes, and Stanhope A. Forbes, whose offering was a composition entitled "Village Industry," an exceptional study of character and expression.

There were, of course, criticisms on these prizes awarded, but little question of the justice of the awards to Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Crane. Some of the critics and visitors would have preferred an award to Lillian Genth's "Golden Days" or her "Nymph," both remarkable renditions of the play of sunlight through leaves on nude female figures and very suggestive of the Swedish painter Zorn; or to the American, Gari Melchers, for his "Morning Room," a virile painting of an interior with figures, full of light and movement and delightful in expression and color, rather than to the Englishman, Sauter.

While, of course, there were many American painters not represented for various reasons, and the absence of such names as Dewing, De Camp, Benson, Metcalf and Reid was noticeable, such artists as William M. Chase, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir and Edmund C. Tarbell, as noted, were well exemplified. Other strong American painters represented by interesting canvases were Cecilia Beaux, Mary Cassatt, John W. Alexander, Emil Carlsen, Ellen Emmet, F. C. Frieseke, James R. Hopkins, John C. and Jean MacLane Johansen, Ernest Lawson, Alfred H. Maurer, Henry R. Poore, Charles Rosen, W. S. Robinson, H. O. Tanner, Albert P. Ryder, W. E. Schofield, A. V. Tack, A. T. Van Laer, Cullen Yates, Douglas Volk, F. J. Waugh, Irving R. Wiles, Charles H. Woodbury and Charles Morris Young.



## THE SPINNER WHO WAS LOST: A STORY: BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY



HE factory bells of the city were ringing the night in as the girl left the street and climbed the five flights of dusky, dirty tenement stairs, and then stopped at the last landing. Up from below came the brawl of the highway and from a lower tenement rose the sound of a woman screaming, but the girl stood, unheeding, and hesitating a moment. Then she opened the door and crossed the threshold.

The pile of mattresses had been removed from its place in the corner where through the day its heights were covered by a scarlet Tuscan blanket. Now the mattresses were spread upon the floor, and each bore a small tangle-haired head. Here was Maddalena of four, tightly clutching Carmellita, the cat. Her heavy curls lay in sweet disorder on the dingy coat of Carmellita whose fight for a living under the push carts of Halstead Street was a weary one, and allowed no time for ablutions on her return in the evening. But Carmellita was purring with all the ardor of Sicily, and Maddalena's deep breathing kept time to the tune. Here also was Tomasso, one bare, brown leg stretching its fat length from under the sheet. Here lay little Francesca whose brown eyes had opened their deeps in the city so many leagues away from the old country. While from the other room came the labored snoring of the boarder who had a night job in the "yards" and who must soon be wakened to have his supper and fare forth.

There was a Carlo Dolce print hung over the mantel. It was one of his madonnas, but it stared stupidly from its background of red-flowered American wall-paper at the corner where a woman stood solemnly stirring a pot of spaghetti, and slicing in garlic, thickly, as she stirred.

The girl moved toward the stove, and then turned with the least flush on her olive cheeks, as if the smell of the cooking sickened her.

The woman had seen her. She, too, turned and a smile lighted her stolid brown face.

"*Eccol*" she cried as she held up a dripping length of spaghetti on the end of a fork.

"So late home, Angelica, *carissima*? The supper is nearly cooked. Will you eat?"

"I don't care; I ain't very hungry." The girl looked singularly slight and little as she dropped into a chair and pulled at the long brown braids which crowned her head and fell in thick lengths below her waist. Then she jumped up nervously, and began fumbling in her dress.

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"See!" she crossed to the woman who was again cutting the garlic, her dark figure bent over the pot in the complete absorption of her task.

"See! I made 'four-fifty' this week! There ain't one of them can roll so many as I—if I am—a 'dago'!"

She made the motion of holding an imaginary cigarette to her lips.

"The *padrone*—he gives you so many *soldi*?" The woman poured the savory stew into a big brown bowl as she spoke.

"*Padrone*? Boss! And they ain't *soldi* in Chicago. They're good lead 'plunks.'"

The woman shrugged her shoulders as she put the bowl on the table and covered Tomasso's leg with the sheet.

"It is well, Angelica, that you earn the—'plunks.' The *bambini* have no shoes."

"I'll get the shoes next week."

The girl went slowly across to the mantel where she had laid a parcel as she came in.

"I bought me something off one of the carts tonight. It's—" She opened the paper wrappings and carefully rolled the string. Then she spread the tawdry white lace thing on the end of the table farthest away from the bowl of garlic. "It was a bargain from fifty-nine cents. *Mamma mia*, it is one peek-a-boo waist."

The woman turned with the slightest degree of interest as Angelica fingered the needlework and held the cheap thing up to the light of the one oil lamp.

"*Ecco*, but why the peek-a-boo? There will be no *fiesta* in Chicago. The confirmation and the appearing of the blessed saints at the Church of the Guardian Angels will be the only place to wear the—peek-a-boo."

But the girl was not listening. She had swiftly undone her braids, and rolled the shining hair into a great dusky coil. Then she stripped off the dull gingham waist in which she had come from the factory, and she put on the new one, dancing a two-step, and humming a little song of the music hall, softly, as she danced. Then she stopped, and suddenly threw her arms about her mother's neck.

"*Mamma mia*, tomorrow will some new chairs come—chairs with green, stuffed velvet seats—and a sofa. I will pay only a little every week for them. And, see! I bought you these."

She pulled from the pocket in her skirt a string of hair puffs, and held them up to the bewildered eyes of the woman.

"There," she tried to pin them in place. "Your hair, *mamma*,—it is too thin, and you do it too flat. Only see, I will fix it, and then you shall put on a black dress and sit on the sofa in the evening—"

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The woman interrupted. She had been inscrutable before, but that was all changed now. With a quick gesture she flung the puffs into the stove. She watched them as they twisted and crisped in the fire. Then she spoke. It was the old conflict of Eden that has come through the ages—a conflict patricidal between the children and the men and women who begat them; it was the last cry of a yesterday at the birth pains of a today thrilling in her words.

"No, Angelica! I came to this land of the Americans because they told me of the great workshops where the *signore* would pour gold into one's apron; and I found—" She pointed to the four walls of the tenement room—"this!

"New chairs is it? Green stuffed? They, too, will I burn. No, Angelica! Wear the peek-a-boo. I must mind the *bambini* and cook the food."

The girl stopped dancing. She dropped her hands listlessly at her side as she listened to her mother's words. Then she turned quickly, went across the threshold, down the stairs and into the street again.

The woman watched her. Then she continued methodically the duties of the evening. She woke the boarder, who ate the bowl of spaghetti in utter silence and took his departure. She turned Maddalena on her mattress and removed Carmellita, who was trying to usurp the little girl's pillow. She washed the dishes at the dirty sink. Then she sat down for a minute, and spread her wrinkled, cracked hands over her apron, slowly counting the fingers with their broken nails, one by one. Slowly she looked about the untidy, heated room, and the scene suddenly shifted.

The four house walls with their lurid paper disappeared before her sight. The odor of the food was replaced by the strong, sweet scent of wild primroses. The dingy smoke of the city which had been pouring in through the window was gone, and in its place shone a blue sky, cloudless and deep. She was at home again, in the fields of Sicily.

She moved, took her hands from her lap, adjusted the yellow handkerchief which was knotted about her throat, and smiled. Through the din of Halstead Street there came the buzz and dreary wail of bagpipes. The goatherds play them, as they climb down the mountainsides of Tuscany through the olive groves to the village and the *fiesta* of Saint Bernardo. It is an old, old tune the pipes are playing. Ulysses stopped, leaving his flocks of Polyphemus, to listen to it. Persephone, wandering in her meadows of asphodel, stood spellbound at its dreamy beauty. The *Bambino* of Bethlehem turned in his manger cradle as he heard the quaint, carrying tune

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played by his shepherd guests on their way from the hills of David.

The woman could not have explained the miracle, but her happiness had unexpectedly returned. She was once more a part of Ætna, and the olive groves, and the vineyards, and the long gold noons. She was back with her people of the hazel and the beech forests where the little white owl cries in the evening and fields of yellow flowers spring beneath the lemon groves, and the wonderful purple sea bathes it all. And along the road stand the wayside shrines where lamps are lit at night—beacons of the old-world faith.

She rose to her feet. She straightened the short green skirt with its embroidery of gold which she wore. From her blue cotton bodice she pulled a short, rounded stick spindle hand-cut from olive wood, and from the pocket of her apron she took a bundle of strong goat hair, carded, ready for spinning.

With her right hand she drew out great lengths of the hair which she fastened securely to the tip of the spindle shaft, while she dropped the rest of the bundle into a copper bowl on the hearth. Then she began to spin, the crude spindle resting on her thigh as she twirled it round and round with wonderful swiftness and dexterity, its rapid whirling scarcely ceasing before her hand fastened another bit of hair to the top, and another impulse sent the spindle on its mad way again as the thread grew longer and longer.

It was to be a tent roof. When she had finished the spinning, she would fasten the threads in long rows to the ground in the field where she was working. That would be the warp. Her deft fingers would weave the woof in and out in tough lengths. There would be a wide strip of cloth when she had finished, weather-proof, and a warm covering for the head of Sebastiano, her shepherd lover, when he must stay on the mountainside all night with the goats to guard them from wild beasts.

The spindle flew faster and faster. Sebastiano was coming. She could hear his whistle in the road. He would praise the cunning of her hands, for was she not the most skilled spinner of San Felice? And when she had finished they would dance until the stars came out—the mad, beautiful tarantelle.

**H**ALSTEAD STREET was busy and merry; it was half-past eight and Saturday evening. From the Hungarian quarter came a crash of music and a din of breaking glass as an unusually jocular party of diners upset a restaurant table. Down at the Italian end of the street a wedding procession was coming from the Church of the Guardian Angels, deluged by a friendly shower of peanuts, and overarched by red and yellow glass tumblers strung

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in festoons across the road. There were children, children everywhere, and cats, and garbage cans, and the sound of a phonograph at the door of "The Greek Parthenon," and every sort of a huckster calling his wares and a brass band playing the Dead March as it headed a procession of mourners on their cheerful way to a wake.

The blind beggar who sat on his stumps of legs in the road selling shoe-strings and peppermint candy sticks had just laid down the bagpipes with which he was wont to attract a crowd, and Johann Hubner, vegetable vendor, *par excellence*, was looking over his salads preparatory to shutting his shop for the night.

It was an unusual move on the part of Johann—this early closing with the prospect of a lost two, and perhaps three hours' trade. He was not even waiting for the weekly visit of the Herr Professor who came every Saturday from the University to buy fresh lettuce.

The appearance of Johann was also unwonted. He wore creased, store trousers and creaking polished boots. His boiled shirt was surmounted by a high tab collar, the stiffness of which added to the tightness of his trousers interfered with his movements as he went in and out among the vegetables, pouring one basket of berries into another, laying the rosiest apples upon the top of the piles, and polishing the regal purple of the cabbages that they might decorate the heaps of spinach on Monday.

But the labor of Johann lacked ardor. He stopped, often, to adjust the speckled necktie which nearly covered his shirt bosom with its voluptuousness. At last he gave up altogether. He sat down on a vinegar barrel, lighted a tallow dip that he might see better, and pulled a legal looking document from his pocket. As he did so, a little figure darted out of the moving crowd of the street and stood, poised, on the door-sill of the shop.

"Angelica!"

Johann put the paper under an egg crate, and came forward, his eyes shining.

"I was just going by, and I thought I'd drop in."

The girl was a picture as she tossed her hair restlessly from her white forehead, and looked with wide, brown Italian eyes at the man. The sleeves of the peek-a-boo waist were pushed far above the plump, pink elbows, and the tender outlines of the girlish figure were sharply drawn in the shadows of the candle light.

"But you're shutting up too early, and Johann——" she laughed merrily—"you're all dressed up."

Johann reached stealthily under the crate and pulled out the paper. Then he motioned to Angelica and pointed to a seat on the vinegar barrel by his side as he unfolded the document.



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"Do you see that?" he said with a thumb on the red seal. "It's our license! I just run over to the city clerk's fer it this morning, and I'm goin' to see your mother tonight, and we'll get married to-morrow. Why, little angel," he went on, as Angelica shuddered, and drew away—"You aren't that afeerd of me? You know we'd got it all planned fer Easter, anyhow, and you know how I've been lovin' you ever since you was a little thing coming by from the factory and stopping in fer apples—"

Angelica covered her face a moment. Then she spoke, moving away from him toward the door.

"Johann—don't you—kiss me. Wait. That's what I came by for tonight. I came to tell you I changed my mind. I ain't ever going to marry you. Don't come near me. Don't touch me. I don't—no, I don't love you no more. Don't you dare come home with me. We're 'dagoes', Johann, and——" she wrung her arms in the keenest agony as she darted through the door, and her clear voice trailed back through the noise of the street, "I'm ashamed of my mother."

Of a truth there was no accounting for the ways of woman. Johann hurried to the door, but Angelica had slipped into the crowd and was lost from his view. He tucked the license in his waistcoat. She would return. A woman's no always meant yes. He would wait a half-hour, and then he would find out from some of the neighbors the number of the tenement where the girl lived, and he would see the mother in spite of Angelica's whim. In the meantime, there was the Herr Professor, picking his way through the street, his rush basket on his arm, his old gray hat pulled low over his forehead, and his spectacles pushed far above his kindly blue eyes.

"So, Johann, my friend, you have still a little salad left? No-where in all this big Chicago do I find such crisp, such tender and dewy lettuce. And the onions, and a bit of garlic will I have, too, to add zest to the dish. Marvel of marvels, you have, also, a cheese cake awaiting me?"

The basket was brimming full as the Professor counted out his change, and wandered leisurely on down Halstead Street. He was a familiar old figure there. No one questioned his right to toss up the baby he saw playing in the gutter, and none made sport of the rush basket with its weekly store of green stuff. Surely the fame of Johann's shop must spread, even as far as the University, and if the Herr Professor wished to drop into the Hungarian restaurant, or have a beaker of foaming ale at one of the German gardens, or buy a bunch of macaroni at one of the little Italian stores—well and good. Halstead Street was completely oblivious of any sociologic or evolu-

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tionary interest it might afford the world of letters as embodied by the University.

So the Herr Professor took his solitary path, unmolested, threading his way in and out between the garbage cans.

"Wonderful—the Italian temperament," he said to himself as he stopped a second to watch a little mother of five years deposit her sleeping infant charge in the shadow of a stoop and then pick up her ragged skirts as she hopped to and fro in the street in time to the grinding of a hand organ.

"I do believe"—he pulled his spectacles lower—

"Yes—it is the tarantelle—their strange dance of death in life—"

He stood at the corner of an alley to watch the child's graceful motions. As he waited, he saw a slight girlish figure rise from the shadows beside him. The girl hesitated a moment. Then she tilted a tiny, white paper funnel full of some powdery stuff toward her soft, red lips.

"Don't do it, my child!"

The Herr Professor wrenched Angelica's wrist with a strong grip which made her cry out in pain, and sent the powder sifting down to mingle with the dust of the alley.

"You'd be so sorry afterward—and then there's your mother."

He stooped and took a grain of the powder on his finger, just touching it to his tongue.

"Strychnine! Another illustration of the Italian temperament. Now, my child—"

He shifted the basket of salad to his left arm as he put his right one tenderly around Angelica's trembling little form. "I insist upon seeing you home."

THE thread had grown long and fine and stout in an hour, for the *bambini* had slept quietly and there had been no interruption. The woman wound it carefully in a ball. Then she unwound it, and crossed and recrossed the width of the deal table with the lengths in her hands. Yes, there was nearly enough for the weaving. It must be done in time for Sebastiano. The spindle flew swiftly again.

Ah, he was coming. That step!

But the door opened at the touch of the Herr Professor, who led in the cringing, frightened little Angelica.

He removed his hat with old-fashioned politeness as he saw the woman.

"I met your little girl—and I brought her——" but the Herr Professor suddenly halted in his explanation. The crude spindle

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had dropped upon the floor at his entrance. He picked it up. He rubbed his spectacles vigorously as if he were not sure of the verity of his eyesight. Then he handed the stick to the woman.

"Go on." He said it almost rudely. "Spin, I say! Spin!"

With the inborn obedience of her race, the woman resumed her work and the spindle whirled and twisted and writhed at her touch.

Had the Herr Professor gone clean mad? He paced the room, rubbing his hands together as if in exultation. Now he stopped a moment to bend over the spinner, and then resumed the pacing, talking softly to himself all the time.

"They said you could do it. They wrote books about you, but it never was proved. They said that you sat in the fields of Palestine with the stick you broke from an olive tree for a spindle, and you spun, spun in the sunshine, without a distaff, the thread that was to be woven into the garments of the kings, and the tents of the Israelites. David watched you as he tended his sheep, and he sang you a pastorate by the brook of Kedar. Then your hands forgot their cunning. Men made you wheels—wheels! They raised a prison house of iron girders, with stone walls—and there they left you chained to a machine. But you escaped. You are here!"

"Johann!" The Herr Professor showed no surprise at the unwarmed and creaking entrance of Johann Hubner who stood in the doorway, adjusting his necktie, and looking with wondering eyes at the scene before him.

"Johann, I have found her!" He pointed to the woman.

"She shall go to the University—to the museum in this—" he reverently touched the old green skirt with its tawdry embroidery—"and this—" he touched the faded blue bodice. "There shall she sit and spin for all the world to see. *Ach*—she makes us all famous, Johann—we who know her. Behold! The spinner who was lost!"

The woman looked with stolid eyes at the audience who had so rudely broken in upon her dream. But Angelica—she understood. Her shame was lost in the glorification of her mother. Through the silence, unbroken save by the loud purring of Carmellita, she crossed the room and slipped her soft little hand into Johann's big, fruit-stained one.

## GROWTH AND BEAUTY OF OUR AMERICAN CITIES: PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS OFFERED BY THE MUNICIPAL ART LEAGUE FOR ADVANCEMENT IN ART, SANITATION AND GENERAL COMFORT OF METROPOLITAN LIFE



NEW YORK represents to the country the largest center of commerce. We think of it as a mass of stone buildings and towerlike structures, all containing a seething business life. These buildings rise from asphalt streets and avenues that are never empty. Beneath, the Subway roars like a subterranean river and above it clatters the Elevated. Factories and foundries crowd with docks and piers along the water fronts. The smoke of continuous trains and countless steamships drifts ceaselessly above the city, and it is resonant day and night with the noise of its vehicles. It is a place that never sleeps and whose lights never go out. We are proud of its vastness, its wealth and its enterprise.

This is the way we have thought of New York for too long: our largest center of commerce. It is only lately that we have realized that it was also our largest center of population, and that the vast mechanism of commerce is made up from human life. It was the final realization of this patent fact that gave rise in eighteen hundred and ninety-two to the organization of the Municipal Art Society. All sides of human life are entitled to expression in a city, not only the commercial side but the religious, domestic and artistic sides as well, and it is for the expression of this last side, in its broadest sense, that the Society is striving.

What natural beauty the island of Manhattan possessed in her trees and along her water front is now gone. Approaching the island from the East River, the mass of shapeless buildings along its edge resembles nothing so much as a huge, elongated junk heap. This lost beauty must be replaced in some fashion, and this is the object of the Society,—“to promote, in every practical way, the development of the City of New York along the lines of embellishment.” Beauty of decoration is of undoubted importance, but before the beauty of decoration comes that of cleanliness, patriotism, and physical and moral well being. It is primarily with these deeper beauties that the Municipal Art Society is concerned in its embellishment. As the Honorable John DeWitt Warner reminds us, art is not a thing to be done, but the *right way to do* whatever is to be done. Municipal art is the best way of making a city fit its ends.

Until the last few generations, municipal development has been a matter of chance. The first cities grew primarily from the neces-

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sity of defense and were situated and architecturally constructed with this only in view. With the progress of civilization, the strongest virtue in the circumstance of their foundation has become their greatest, if not an unconquerable, weakness. The condition of the once powerful hill towns of France and Italy teaches an invaluable lesson. We must keep watch upon our cities and plan for their growth, lest, like those of the old world, they develop only in one direction to meet an obvious demand, and in the march of progress we wake suddenly to find ourselves left behind with but one dull weapon for our use. The belief, established by observation, "that no city can develop normally without a plan which determines its growth along economic, hygienic and æsthetic lines for at least fifty to seventy-five years," lies behind the Conference on City Planning and Municipal Art. Its practical application was the subject of the exhibition held at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory during the month of May.

The exhibit contained contributions from every department of the city government, including photographs of the improvements made under their charge and of models and plans for proposed improvements. The various exhibits formed a comprehensive plan of development including nearly every phase of city life.

**O**F FUNDAMENTAL importance to the welfare of every community is its health. Hence one entire wall of the Municipal Exhibit was given over to the demonstration of the filthiness of New York harbor shown by maps and charts, indicating the action of the tides and currents in depositing the sewerage from the city and its nearby islands. Water taken from the shore of Staten Island near The Narrows contained a miscellaneous assortment of filth and putridness too horrible to mention. The East River was shown to be nothing but a great sewer, and Gowanus Canal contains one-sixth as much free ammonia as undiluted sewerage. Every year New York consumes half a million of oysters taken from these waters. In contrast to the New York system of sewerage, were the photographs and plans showing how the cities of Chicago, London, Berlin and Paris dispose of their sewerage. The London Sewerage Purification Works takes care of two hundred and eighty millions of gallons of refuse water daily at a yearly cost of eight hundred thousand dollars. An elaborate and careful sewerage system would hardly seem an extravagance in the city government of New York, when we consider the one hundred and thirteen cases of typhoid caused by oysters alone that the reports of the New York Board of Health showed during the last year.



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In connection with typhoid, which is a continuous epidemic in Pittsburgh, the Pittsburgh Survey, carried on by the Charities Publication Committee and financed by the Russell Sage foundation, brings forward some interesting facts. Typhoid is a preventable disease; it springs from the lax handling of food, drink and waste. The Pennsylvania Steel district has been the field of operation, the typhoid there coming largely from impure drinking water. Four hundred and forty-eight cases of the one thousand and twenty-nine which were definitely reported, were carefully followed up with these results: The total loss in wages and extra expenses was fifty-eight million three hundred and sixty-two dollars and fifty cents; the average loss was one hundred and thirty dollars to each case, and in the case of death, two thousand two hundred and forty dollars. Those enlisted in the Pittsburgh Survey are inclined to think that the increased tenement inspection staff was not an extravagance and that the city could well afford the five million four hundred and eighty thousand dollars that it spent for a new filtration plant. The moral in these instances is clear, that all cities should plan for a system of sewerage not calculated to serve the needs of the immediate day and hour, but planned to meet the demands of the city as it shall develop, and that true economy would be the purchase of a filtration apparatus that will not periodically prove itself inadequate to the ever-increasing volume of water it is called upon to handle as the city becomes more populous.

THE Committee on the Congestion of Population explained, by their exhibit of the housing conditions of the city, much of our need for hospitals. There are many areas in New York where thirteen hundred people are crowded in to the acre, and yet there are many other portions of the city where there is hardly one family to an acre. In the eastern section of the Bronx is such an area, and behind it rises a mass of high tenement houses, each containing hundreds of families. We pile family upon family, a human pyramid toward the heavens. But when the members come to seek the pursuance of life upon the earth, as they must, where is the place for them to put their feet? It is a material phase of the difficult problem of living with one's head in the clouds and yet keeping a foothold on the earth. Among these same tenements, these towers of humanity, are older buildings of a few stories; what of the light and air in these houses surrounded on every side by lofty buildings that shut out the sun? We were shown by photographs how they plan for this contingency in Cologne. If a three-story house is to be built, it can be built in one section of the city; a five-story house goes in the five-story-house section, and so on. The exhibit of improvements proposed and

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photographs of those already effected in the development of foreign cities is of absorbing interest. A chart was shown in connection with the housing exhibit, comparing the size and weight of children brought up in four-, five- and six-room flats.

The question naturally arises: What is it that keeps these people huddled together when there are unpopulated areas where they might dwell? There is, of course, the fact that most of the congested quarters of New York are filled with immigrants who have been living under rather worse conditions in the countries they came from. There is also the consideration that they must live near their work, for the factories are always found in the midst of these districts. When they were placed there, did anyone foresee this thing that has happened? Did they even pause to consider what might happen? In most cases they simply selected the first situation that met the obvious needs of the business, and then—New York grew. What similar conditions threatening the health and economy of the city will further evolve themselves under a lack of plan? It is not the obvious demand that needs the most consideration; the obvious need is met with obvious methods of fulfilment. It is the prospective need and the conditions that will evolve from it that should bear on the final decision.

Why not plan to put the factories where people have room to live, and where they may be housed in buildings whose floor space is at least in some proportion to the area of street and park in the vicinity? It means economy to group like industries. If there were a factory section in the city, it would be possible to meet the conditions of housing that arise from factories at less expense than at present while many of the largest factories are situated in some of the highest rental sections of the city. This also has a bearing on the sweatshop and child-labor problems. The factories, for lack of space and costliness of land, cannot be built large enough for the work to be done. The rents are too large for the wages of those who must live near the factories in order to work in them. One must either start a private contributory workshop in the few rooms at home in a cheaper quarter of the city or press every member of the family old and young into working in stores or factories.

Until we make it impossible for tenements to exist where the sun never shines upon those who work and live, four or five in a room, within them; until we root out the underground stable that fills the air in these sunless rooms with continuous stench; until we tear down the tenements themselves, the leakage from whose drains too often filters through into the water supply of twenty or thirty families, and clear the damp fetid yards from the rubbish, rags and decaying matter



*William de L. Dodge, Painter.*



*William de L. Leage, l'asnier.*

"HIAWATHA BEFORE THE ASCENSION": A PANEL  
FOR THE COURT HOUSE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

"THE DISCOVERY OF SALT BY FATHER LESMOINES":  
A PANEL FOR THE SYRACUSE COURT HOUSE.



*Palmer & Hornbostel, Architects.*

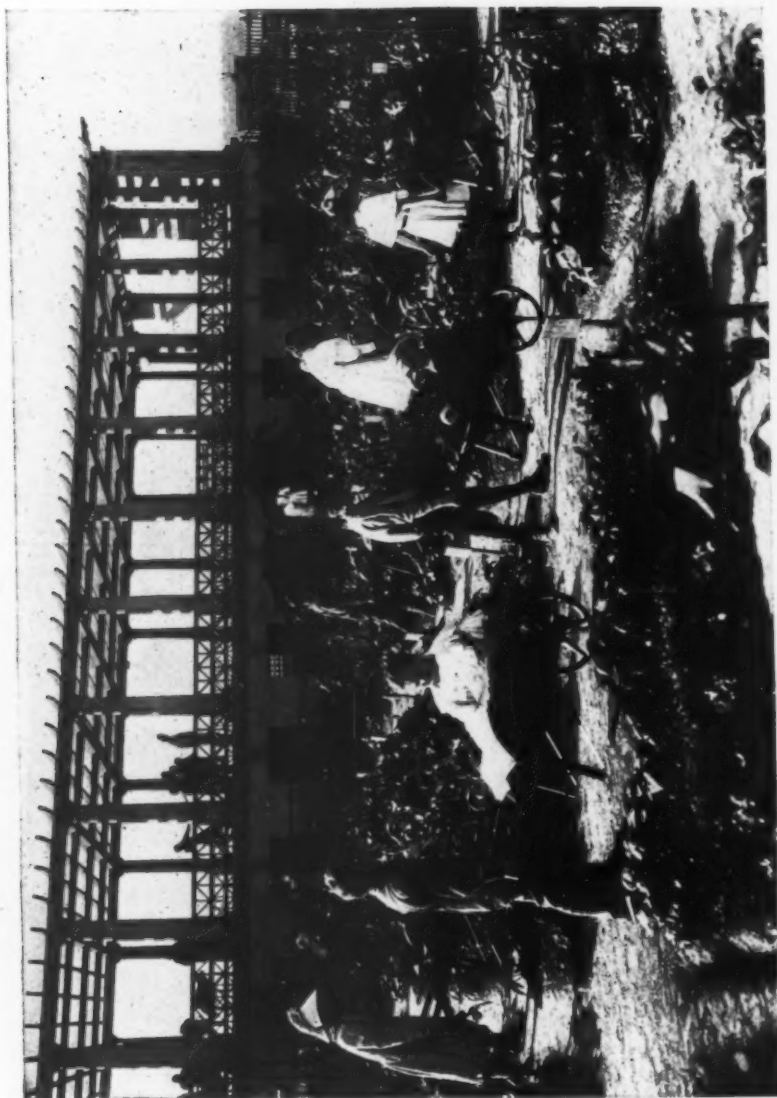
A DESIGN FOR THE NEW MUNICIPAL  
BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.



*Palmer & Hornbustel, Architects.*

DESIGN FOR THE ALLEGHENY COURT  
HOUSE AND TOWER, PITTSBURGH, PENN.





A SCENE AT THE NEW YORK SCHOOL FARM:  
CRIPPLED CHILDREN WHO CANNOT WORK IN  
THE GARDEN ARE FREQUENT VISITORS.



MANY LITTLE CHILDREN LOOK THROUGH THE  
FALING OF THIS GARDEN PARADISE, WHERE  
THERE IS AS YET NO ROOM FOR THEM.

THE SCHOOL FARMS ARE FILLED WITH HAPPY  
YOUNG WORKERS WHO ARE ENTITLED TO  
THE VEGETABLES THEY RAISE.



*From two sections of the Municipal Art Exhibit.*

AMERICAN PANTHER: EXHIBITED IN BRONZE AT THE  
MUNICIPAL ART LEAGUE: ELI HARVEY, SCULPTOR.

DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED LANDING FOR THE  
FERRIES AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.

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with which the people, in their ignorance, fill them,—the wonderful work that the Committee in the fight against tuberculosis is doing, is but the struggles of a modern Danae to fill a bottomless well.

**I**N CONNECTION with the matter of cleaning out such areas, Charles R. Lamb has made an exceptionally good suggestion for the city of New York. In the ordinary course of events, nothing short of a conflagration will clear out such a section in a city. This involves loss of life and loss of property; and when the rebuilding is left to private owners, a similar neighborhood takes its place. Mr. Lamb's suggestion obviates all these difficulties, and it would also settle the site of the new court house. At the junction of Eighth Street, Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue, commonly known as Greenwich Village, is one of the oldest and most congested quarters in New York. Reports show that it holds the highest record for tuberculosis in the city. Since the completion of the Hudson Tunnel, it is one of the most central situations, both in the business part of New York and between the city and the outlying districts; it is particularly accessible to the lawyers' section; it is the one point in the city from which a person may travel in five directions. From the point of view of transit and accessibility, it is the very heart of New York City.

Mr. Lamb finds there the ideal situation for the new court house. The site would not be rectilinear but, for that reason, would give a chance for a more interesting building and a beautiful plaza of three hundred feet in width. The site would be more expensive by about a million dollars than the cheapest one already proposed, but it would clear out a district that costs the city government large sums yearly to keep in anything like health and cleanliness, and would increase the value of land in this section, which is at present very low. The plan is not purely experimental, for this has been the most successful method that London has found for clearing out neighborhoods threatening the social and sanitary life of the city.

The recent exhibit also gives an interesting account in photographs of that abuse to which New York, more than any other city in the world, is subject,—the continuous digging up of its streets, which are left for months in a state of upheaval, impeding traffic and endangering life and health. One of the most interesting photographs was suggestively labeled "An Appetizer" and showed an unsightly pile of dirt and pavings taken from an excavation for a misbehaving gas-pipe to which the refuse of the street had added its mite of beauty and odor. This pile had been for several weeks on Beaver Street in front of "Delmonico's."

Besides these photographs of New York municipal condition,

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were illustrations afforded by other cities, chiefly foreign, showing how much might be saved New York of this continuous upheaval that goes on in her streets by reason of the search for gas-pipes, water-pipes and sewer-pipes, electric wires, and what not, if the companies who controlled these matters would only build sub-structure galleries to hold them, that could be entered by doors or manholes and quietly traversed subterraneously until the leak or trouble was found. As it stands now, the streets of New York have been the subject of more than one cartoon and squib.

**I**N PLEASANT comparison to these sides of city life, which stand in need of so much careful attention and development, was the exhibit of public schools. Here, at least, great strides have been made in the sanitation of the buildings and the systems of government. The Municipal Art Society has furnished an exhibit of pictures and sculpture appropriate for school decoration, which they feel should have precedence in selection over the foreign material used for school interiors. Among these were exciting pictures of Western life by Frederic Remington and Charles Schreyvogel; the rush hour in New York by Colin Campbell; several Indian subjects by E. Irving Couse; some of Louis Akin's wonderful Arizona landscapes; farm subjects by Horatio Walker; allegorical decorations by Abbey, Sargent and Alexander; historical pictures by Dunsmore, Kalecknar and Maynard, and landscapes by the elder Inness. Excellent reproductions may be obtained of all of these and of many others shown in the exhibit which were equally attractive, appropriate and instructive. A model of the first statue of Lafayette modeled by Paul Bartlett was also on exhibition. It will be remembered that this statue was raised in France as a memorial to Lafayette by the school children of America. The artist, dissatisfied with the result, made a second statue that was unveiled last June in the Court of the Louvre. A photograph of this work appears in this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* in connection with an article upon Mr. Bartlett.

**T**HE Park and Playgrounds exhibit was of much interest, especially that of the School Farm League. These farms were an instantaneous success. From the moment they started at the DeWitt Clinton Park, they have been filled with earnest young farmers who have met with truly wonderful results in the amount and quality of the vegetables they have raised. So enthusiastic are the children over this wholesome, natural pastime of childhood that the general duties of the farm,—the raking up of the paths and the clearing away of chance papers—have become a reward of merit. Each



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farmer is entitled to the vegetables that he raises and, consequently, the child's family has more than a passing interest in his activities. The produce of such a little farm contributes a greater addition to the income of a family than if the same child were working for a few cents a day in a factory or store, and the child is getting besides, health, enjoyment and childhood for his labor. This farm has become an excursion center for the babies in the neighboring blocks. Crippled children who cannot work in the garden are frequent visitors, and the proud farmers may be seen carrying them about the grounds in that characteristic vehicle, the wheelbarrow, and many little children still look longingly in between the palings of this vegetable-garden of Paradise that, as yet, has no room for them.

THE artificial lighting of a city is an important subject. Well-lighted streets mean safety to those who travel them at night. Some of the photographs shown of the best lighted portions of New York made it clear that there were ways and ways of lighting streets. One of them gave us the bewildering glare of Broadway on a rainy night; the darkness written over with the letters of innumerable electric signs arranged with no relation or proportion. Some of the buildings were thrown into a glare of light while the spaces between were in darkness made denser by the light on either side. All this was reflected by the wet asphalt with such a glitter and dazzle as almost to imperil the safety of those in the street. The photographs showing the well-placed standards and the soft permeating light of the electroliers on Fifth and Park Avenues were most refreshing in contrast. There the light was dispersed in even proportions throughout the streets, leaving no dark areas and throwing no section into a bewildering prominence. Models and drawings for different styles of electroliers were exhibited, four of which appear in the tailpiece of this article. Although in many cases, the work on the standards is too fine and elaborate to be really effective for street decoration, it still shows a step in the right direction, and the suspended lights are much more attractive than the stiff military lamp posts that, for the most part, are sticking up on all our street corners.

THE lower part of the hall in which the exhibit was held was devoted to maps and plans dealing with the geographical aspects for the extension of the city in the direction of the Bronx, and similar sketches which will govern the development of several of the larger American cities and of many foreign ones. In this section also were some amusing drawings illustrating a way to relieve the congestion of the downtown business quarter. According to these

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artists, the buildings were to be built in the form of terraces, the projecting roofs covered with asphalt and connected by bridges at the street crossings, thus making three tiers of sidewalks one above another. Absurd as this seems, some such device must eventually be used.

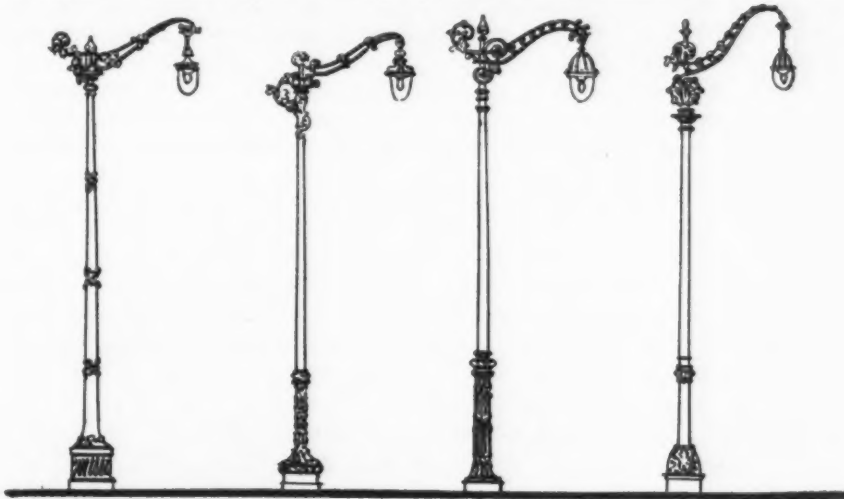
There was an interesting exhibit of plans and drawings for the architecture of Subway entrances, and several pieces of sculpture and models for fountains, suitable for parks and squares. In every case the most interesting work was that which was most purely American in subject. It seems better that the public monuments in a city should be as nearly as possible characteristic of the nation. It is fitting that the many fountains of Rome should be decked with nymphs and goddesses, but not those of New York; one of the most attractive streets in Berne, Switzerland, is divided by a series of fountains representing the best-beloved legends of the country, which is rich in folklore tales, and everywhere one finds the little bears, the emblem of Berne, used in public monuments. For this reason, aside from the beauty of the work, the design for a fountain by Johan Gilert, for a square in Syracuse, in which the basin is supported by four buffaloes, seems especially commendable in its idea. An illustration is shown in this article of a powerful bronze of Eli Harvey's, an American panther stalking its prey. The bronze contains all the sinuous grace and soundless movement characteristic of that animal.

**A**MONG the elevations of public buildings exhibited in the architectural department was one of the rejected designs for the new Municipal Building for New York and a design for the Allegheny Court House and Tower at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Since skyscrapers are at least one type of our national architecture, it is interesting to follow what the leading architects are doing with this variety of work. The towers in both of these drawings show great originality in design and are particularly graceful in proportion to the buildings that surround them. In the design for the court house in Pittsburgh, the device of a side tower connected by a bridge with the main tower, thus breaking its abrupt rise from the smaller buildings at its base, is especially noteworthy. If the plan for the improvements on City Hall Square, where the new Municipal Building is to stand, could be carried out, the Square would find but few rivals in the world.

It may seem to many people that it is hardly reasonable to exhibit expensive schemes of decoration in parks and buildings side by side with charts, photographs and statistics showing the pitiable conditions that still exist among the poor; but the city is an organism, and grows not part by part, but as a related whole. It is because of the manifold ways in which a city develops that it is necessary to plan for every

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phase of it. Transit lines cannot be permanently placed without knowing, for some years to come, what proportion of the public they are to serve. Municipal buildings cannot be permanently located unless there is some knowledge of the geographical direction in which the city will grow. Factories cannot be put in districts where the people who work in them can live to the best advantage, and where there will be room for the factories themselves to expand, without investigation into the economic condition of the city and the characteristics of its growth. None of these things can be determined when the city is left to develop haphazard, hit-or-miss, and the waste coming from continuous changes of location and periodical enlargements and replacements of what should be permanent systems cannot be overestimated. On the side of decoration it may be said that every beauty that a city contains endears it to those who live in it; every statue commemorating the life of a nation, its traditions, its heroes, statesmen and benefactors serves to implant a spirit of patriotism which is especially desirable in a country whose population is continually fed by those whose blood-allegiance is to a foreign country. Last, but of importance, we must take pains to make the city attractive to foreign visitors as we would take care to make our homes attractive to our guests. The least of these things cannot be determined adequately unless the city is conforming to a ruling plan that will give it definite space, and proportion its inhabitants to its area.



*Designs for electroliers supplied Fifth and Fourth Avenues, New York:  
Courtesy The New York Edison Co.*

## A ROUND JOURNEY FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN-UP FOLKS: BY JENNIE M. DAY



THE Cloud cities in Cloudland were crowded one day with many Raindrop families. There were Mamma and Papa Raindrop and all the little Raindrops cuddled closely together, Uncle John Raindrop and his family, Jeremiah Raindrop and his maiden sister, and many others too numerous to mention. The air was filled with suppressed excitement. Those who looked below could see that the earth was dark. Once in a while a watchman appeared with his lantern and the light flashed out. As the moments flew by, the crowds increased and the Raindrops rolled and tumbled over each other in glee, making a great noise. A little girl on the earth ran frightened from the window, but her mother said: "It is only the raindrops having a holiday. By and by they will come to visit us."

The Cloud cities became more and more crowded. The watchman with his lantern found it hard to get through the streets, but room was made for him and his light blazed out often. As soon as he passed, the Raindrops became very gay and noisy; they rolled and tumbled and laughed and the uproar was great.

Larger and larger grew the Cloud cities until it seemed that Cloudland could hold no more. Then the jolly Raindrops shouted with one voice:

"Come, let us visit the earth! Let us dance on the roofs of the houses and on the window-panes! Let us fall on the people and the trees and the flowers! Come!"

And down they went, one after the other, sometimes in groups, sometimes singly, pushing, splashing, laughing! It was a merry party.

The little girl clapped her hands and said: "What a fine drink my flowers are getting!"

The farmer leaped for joy as he thought of his fields, parched and dry.

Now it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Round Raindrop and all their children and grandchildren formed one joyous company and landed in the same spot. They sank into the ground and traveled along in the darkness for a short time. They then came bubbling out together and ran merrily down the hillside, singing as they went:

"Tumble out into the light,  
Darkness is behind;  
Don't we make a pretty sight  
As we turn and wind?"

Presently, they found themselves plunged into the midst of a great, noisy throng. The little Raindrops shook with fear, but

## A ROUND JOURNEY

Grandpa Raindrop smiled and said: "Listen." And they did listen, and what do you think they heard? A million voices joined in one melody, and before they knew it they were singing with the others. And these were the words they sang:

"Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!  
This is fun indeed!  
None but jolly raindrops know  
How to make such speed!  
Feet and legs and hands and arms  
Molded in one ball!  
Nothing breaks us, nothing harms,  
Even when we fall!"

On and on and on, running, tumbling, plunging down grade, going more quietly on the level, never stopping for rest; always busy, happy and useful; this large part of the Raindrop family finally glided into a great body of water and found themselves surrounded by so many second and third and fourth and fifth and sixth and even seventh cousins, and so many degrees of aunts and uncles, that they were quite bewildered.

And then the song continued:

"First we made the dimpling brook,  
Then the smiling creek;  
Then the laughing river shook  
Till his sides were weak.  
Under bridges, over dams:  
Oh, what a commotion!  
Now the Raindrop family lands  
In the arms of Ocean."

One day they were having a gay time playing with the wind when they looked up and saw the jolly face of the sun and heard him say:

"Little Raindrops, come home! I am lonely without you. See! I send you golden ladders on which to climb. Come!"

And there were the ladders sure enough!

As the Raindrops thought of their beautiful home in the blue sky, they cried:

"We are weary of wandering, dear sun. We will come!"

And then they began their merry march up the golden ladders, and the people on the earth looked and said:

"The sun is drawing water."

And soon the Cloud cities in Cloudland were again filled with the happy family of Raindrops.



## THE WORK AND HOME OF EDWARD MACDOWELL, MUSICIAN: BY MARY MEARS



ACCORDING to the Turkish proverb, "When the house is finished, death enters." Though it has seemed to many critics in the musical world that the composer, Edward MacDowell, was cut off in mid-career, because his age as men reckon, was forty odd years and he still wore the aspect of bright youth when the mysterious visitor came to claim him, yet he had builded his house of music to the dome. With orchestral work, with sonatas, with tone poems of imaginative brilliance and scope, he had given it the last touch. So why should he remain? After the day, the twilight, then the night.

MacDowell's work is as complete as that of the young English poet Keats, whom he delighted to read. But unlike Keats, however it may have seemed to the public, the end came for MacDowell not sadly, but happily. His last days were a gradual withdrawing of the impassioned mind to other regions than those of earth; a process of gentle detachment was going forward through all those months preceding the end, and to have seen that great and vital spirit hovering between the two worlds, now touching the face of him who sat there patiently waiting with something of the old charm, now withdrawing itself, leaving a sense of darkness, as if a veil had fallen over the noble countenance, was to have witnessed the supreme mystery. This scarcely seemed like death, in the commonly accepted sense of the term, for no outward physical decay accompanied it. Was it not, rather, a kind of translation?

It was on a beautiful morning in May, nineteen hundred and six, that I first saw MacDowell. I had accompanied my sister, who was making a bas-relief portrait of him at the time, to his home. The room which we entered was flooded with sunlight. The tops of some trees in a nearby street, all covered with tender green leaves, could be seen through the windows. They danced constantly, seeming to tell of a happiness without end. And their message had entered that room! Never have I seen an apartment so essentially radiant!

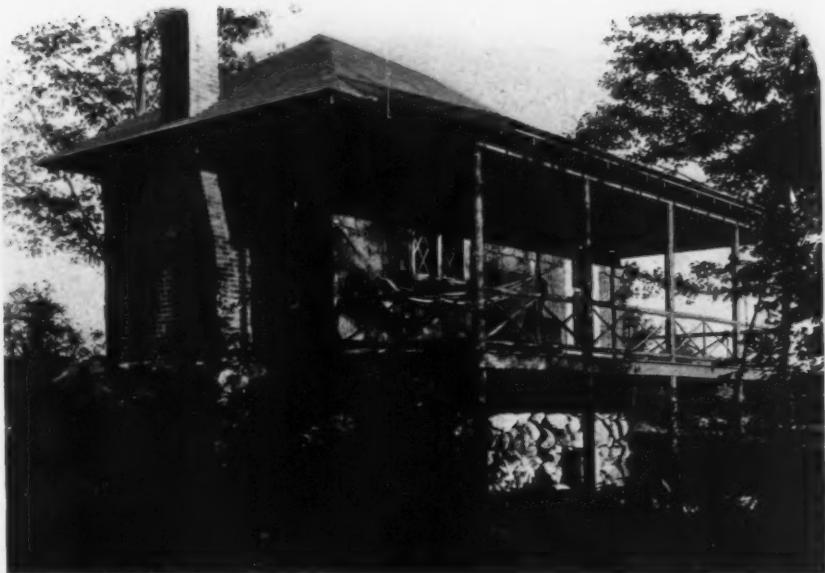
The musician sat there in his invalid chair, in his clothes of soft white flannel, childlike, wondering, very beautiful, with the naïve simplicity which had ever characterized him; while coming and going, in and out of the apartment, as her duties summoned her, was the musician's devoted and heroic wife. She approached, and he turned toward her with a movement of which it were a profanation to speak, save that that which is most beautiful is ever most open. He lifted to her eyes in which there was a look of steadfast luminous trust such as I have never seen on any other human countenance.



"COLD WOOD ROAD," BACK OF MACDOWELL'S  
LOG CABIN AT HILL CREST, PETER-  
BORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE.



GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN AT "HILL  
CREST," THE NEW ENGLAND ESTATE OF  
THE LATE EDWARD MACDOWELL.



FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF THE FIRST  
STUDIO BUILT ON THE MACDOWELL ESTATE.



"AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE IS THE GARDEN  
RADIANT WITH ITS OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS,  
ITS SUN DIAL AND QUAIN LANTERN OF STONE."



## THE ACHIEVEMENT OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

Mrs. MacDowell directed our attention to a sketch of Liszt which was hanging on the wall, and MacDowell seemed to recall making the drawing. He began to speak, a little hesitatingly, but not in the least incoherently. He told of the finding of water with a willow wand on his farm in Peterboro, New Hampshire,—a favorite story; he told of a rattlesnake which, when a burglar entered the house of its sleeping master, rattled for the police. A humorous gleam deepened the boyish blue of his eyes. But once in a while he looked in a puzzled way at the artist.

That the sitting might not fatigue him, a game of dominoes was begun, and the infinite sensitiveness with which he lifted and laid down the bits of ivory revealed the musician. One seeing him for the first time and unaware of his history, could not have doubted what he was.

As he sat there I fell to studying him. Surely long years of musical creativeness had added something to the actual modeling of the face, so that now, when the poor mind was bewildered and deranged, the suggestion of creative distinction did not vanish. It was this fact of the rare beauty and meaning of the face remaining intact, while into the eyes flashed at moments a fleeting perception that something had befallen him which he could not understand, it was this union of the outward form which retained its dignity, with the confusion of the inward forces, that made MacDowell, at this time, a most tragically symbolic figure. The whole problem of the soul and its struggle for attainment was there.

Though the text placed on the bas-relief, "Night Has Fallen on a Day of Deeds," is from one of his own poems and the third movement of the "Sonata Tragica," where downfall, complete and awful, is represented following close on the heels of triumph, though this passage was selected by the composer himself to be inscribed on this last portrait, it is certain that he understood but vaguely what had happened him.

The dominoes were removed, and we left him fallen into a light sleep. By his hands the last inspired note had been written. He was quiet now, "weighted down with the blissful sense of beauty it had been his glad lot to express." Now, surely, he could rest—rest with his wearied, triumphant hands on his lap. For "Night had fallen on a day of deeds," and after night comes always the morning!

**T**HOUGH in articles concerning Edward MacDowell, brief mention has been made of the "Peterboro idea," no account has been given the public of the actual working out of this dream of the great American composer. Whatever influences the art of a

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country, influences in the most intimate sense its civilization, and certainly few people are aware that MacDowell's plan now proved practical beyond question is one of national importance. It is significant and touching that it originated in the dreamy heart of a great poet, and more touching still that it is being carried to its noble fulfilment through the devotion of his wife.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and ninety that the young music-maker, accompanied by his wife, first came to Peterboro, New Hampshire, and their settling in this particular hamlet, we are told, was mere fortunate chance, for Peterboro, with its population of two thousand five hundred souls, is but seven hours from New York and three from Boston, and is thus almost ideally situated.

With the memory of the royal forest of Wiesbaden still fresh in his mind, the forest that so potently colored much of his earlier composition, MacDowell searched for a country similarly wooded and mysterious, though at the same time he craved a country that was practically untouched. And at Peterboro he found it. An old-fashioned farmhouse was to be had for the summer for a merely nominal rent, and in this the young couple settled. For three succeeding years we see MacDowell, sensitively alive as always to every phase of beauty, drinking in with peculiar eagerness the wistful and suggestive beauty of this new-old land. Day after day, with gun on shoulder, he scoured its wooded roads, many of them unused for half a century; up and down every stream within a radius of ten miles he hunted, an immortal child, lured forward not so much by his interest in sport as by his keen joy in the beauty he discovered.

"The spirit of the hills is action; that of the lowlands repose," and here were certainly rests and high notes of rural activity enough to set the composer's heart leaping and fill his soul with melodies clamorous to be written. But upon the more distant hills an unnatural quiet had fallen, for with the advent in the valley of railroads and mills, many homes had been forsaken, and numerous in those days, especially upon the Temple hills, were the deserted farms. These always exerted a powerful effect upon MacDowell's imagination.

On these long golden strolls of his, if he chanced upon a carpet of tansy, it meant that it had spread from a certain spot of greenery outside a kitchen door. And, sure enough, if he looked about a bit, the inevitable deserted cellar was disclosed, overgrown with brambles, given over utterly to those staunch and persistent householders, vines and scanty phlox, with the sentinel lilac bush still flowering delicately beside the gate, defender to the last of the tradition of human occupancy. A bit of a child's broken mug, the torn scrap

## THE ACHIEVEMENT OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

of a woman's gown, surely here was subject matter to his hand, and though he looked the world through, he could find no truer. So he celebrates the country in his music. The low discreet curves of her hills, the mystery of her forests, the freshness of her flowers, ladies'-ear-drops, butter-an'-eggs, golden rod and asters, of all these he sings in his "Woodland Sketches" and "New England Idyls." And the land, like something sentient, seemed to recognize the coming of its poet and to give to him through every leaf and flower and tree the message of its intrinsic beauty.

THE year eighteen hundred and ninety-six saw the purchase of the present home at "Hill Crest," a tiny homely farmhouse. It was then so ugly, we are told, that the composer's heart sickened at the mere thought of living there. But the outlook from its doorstone was noble, few braver in all the countryside, and little by little, through dint of a woman's love and planning, wide porches were added and also a music room where no sound of domestic life could penetrate. And there he worked at peace.

I wish I could adequately describe this unique room. But of little avail to mention its walls of dull gold, peopled richly with books, its votive wreath suspended by ribbons and still breathing from among its dried leaves the plaudits of the multitude, or the composer's favorite picture, an enlargement of Dürer's "The Knight, Death and the Devil," which hangs over the mantel. The charm that lingers here baffles description, and though one is conscious of the same moving influences abroad on the hill slopes and under the trees that he loved, it is only in this room and again in the log cabin where he did most of his composing that the step falters and the Biblical injunction comes forcibly to mind, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

At the side of the house is the garden, enclosed in crumbling walls, radiant with old-fashioned flowers, with its sun dial and its quaint Oriental lantern of stone, which is supposed to ward off evil spirits. It is best described in MacDowell's own little song:

"Sweet alyssum, moss-grown stair,  
Rows of roses, larkspur fair.  
All old posies, tokens rare  
Of love undying linger there."

When I first saw the garden the month was June and it was blue with larkspur, filling it like a mist and repeating the blue of the mountain beyond.

Able for the first time in his life to compose in conditions which

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shut out disturbing outside influences, MacDowell soon realized what a haven of rest this country was to him and of what incalculable benefit to his work. A poor man all his life long, every improvement about the place meant sacrifice of much that he would otherwise have liked in the way of travel and books. Nevertheless, "Hill Crest" is excellently appointed, a truly beautiful estate, and he loved it in proportion to what it had cost him. Therefore, as the years went on, we find him recoiling from the knowledge that strangers would one day dwell therein, perhaps people with little love for the things he cared for most.

IT WAS at this time that MacDowell first began to think that the estate might be used in some way to benefit his fellow artists, not only musicians, but those working in the sister arts. But the fact that money would be needed for the carrying out of any such plan made it seem absolutely impossible of fulfilment. With the passage of time, his unhappiness on this point increased rather than diminished. He spoke of it incessantly, and the winter preceding the spring in which he was taken ill, when he came with his wife to "Hill Crest" for two weeks, the matter was again and again discussed. It was the holiday season and they were quite by themselves, Mrs. MacDowell doing the cooking and Mr. MacDowell bringing in great armfuls of wood to heap on the open fires. But another flame was alight in him and for the feeding of this flame there was apparently no fuel. At the same time, though the practical means were lacking for the development of the plan, theoretically, it seemed much more feasible, perhaps because he had meanwhile become actively interested in a project for an American Academy at Rome. This, to put it briefly, is a plan for four-year scholarships to be given to a limited number of pupils in all the arts, conditions to be arranged to suit the respective arts. Back of all this, however, was the idea of the inestimable value to the different workers of being able to live for a certain number of months in each year under the same roof with students in the other arts. On this point MacDowell laid particular stress. His plan for the music students was that they should remain in Rome for four months in the year, absorbing something of all the arts, then each student was to go where it might seem wisest for the development of his own individual art. With the rapid changes in civilization this by no means would imply his remaining in Europe for four years. It might just as well mean his going to Asia or Africa, but above all, he felt the crying necessity that during this period the student should return to his own country that he might see here our own growth in the North, South, East and West.



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The possibility of the place at Peterboro becoming a miniature reproduction of the same scheme came to him quite suddenly. Here for a few months each year students of all the arts might work in exceptionally favorable conditions. From the moment of its inception this idea took possession of him. This was when his mind was perfectly normal, and it was a curious and pathetic thing that as the cloud came over his brain, the lack of means for the fulfilment of this dream was the one thing that actually troubled him, until we can well understand that his wife was almost distracted with her wish to relieve him of so great an unhappiness.

One day he had fretted incessantly over the same old question, and early the following morning he rose and came over to where Mrs. MacDowell was resting. "You have always done everything I ever wanted you to," he said to her. "Can't you do this?" He was strangely excited and she realized the danger of this condition to him. So she gave him her word to think out a solution. Then it was that she realized that the estate could be given to an organization pledged to try to carry out in future the artistic ideals of Edward MacDowell. The place legally belonged to her. Years before, by way of a surprise, a deed to it had been made out in her name. Therefore, she was free to act and the next morning she went to Mr. MacDowell with her plan, which he received with touching delight.

The modest beginning of the MacDowell Association already was in existence, and later on, with eight members chosen from this club, eight members from the Mendelssohn Glee Club and four resident representatives from Peterboro, an association of trustees was formed which held in charge the MacDowell Memorial funds.

Through the succeeding summer, while the haze over the musician's mind deepened, his wife took up the work she had set herself. For years her every hope had been centered upon him, *his* music, *his* career, but now, while he patiently waited the end, she found time from her care of him to think of these other workers. To carry out his wishes and to establish a living memorial to him, this was her aim.

The same year saw the purchase and transformation of the "Lower MacDowell House," as it is called,—a commodious structure set squarely on the lower road leading to the village. During the summer months under this hospitable roof is lodged a household of artists. Musicians, sculptors, writers were there during the past summer, and over the fire of an evening it can be well imagined that discussions ran high on the subject of the different arts, and that there was demonstrated something of that unity of which MacDowell dreamed.



## THE ACHIEVEMENT OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

THE place is not open to amateurs, though exception, in this respect, is made in favor of MacDowell's own students. These, even though they may not come up to the standard which is held in regard to work, will be accepted as valuable to the organization because of their understanding of MacDowell's ideals. Peterboro, however, is not the place for the student who still requires the supervision of a master. It is rather a place where a serious artist may come and hope to accomplish whatever work he has in hand.

For the present, nominally, the choice of applicants rests with Mrs. MacDowell, though practically she is merely the instrument for bringing to the notice of the trustees the names of those who wish to avail themselves of the privileges of the place. In future, when the organization is running on a more extensive basis, necessarily there will have to be a committee on selection.

Of the studios which the plan embraces, one is already built and was occupied for work during the past summer, while another, the "Barnard," so called for a group of Barnard girls who contributed to its construction, is practically completed.

Placed well out of sight and hearing of each other, it is hoped that a sufficient number of these studios will soon be built to enable each artist to be supplied with his private workshop. With living accommodations at the "Lower House" for six people and at "Hill Crest" for five more, with, say, a small colony of men who, it is planned, will occupy a group of studios, lodging in one especially adapted to the purpose, this should be by no means impossible of accomplishment. It is planned that the colony of workers shall never exceed fifteen in number.

Mrs. MacDowell, by reason of her long life with a musician, is canny in unusual ways, and no one recognizes as fully as she does the necessity for respecting the "crotchets of the artistic temperament." Of what use to plague the creative worker with small lacks and inharmonies, which a little foresight could obviate? If he or she goes to the work of the day in an irritable frame of mind, the artistic powers are proportionately diminished. Therefore, everything is planned for the worker's comfort. Breakfast and dinner are served at the "Lower House," but luncheon, in future, will be an individual affair, and every worker will be provided with a well-stocked basket, the contents of which will be supplemented by stores kept at the separate studios. Thus there will be no interruption of the artist's work or of his often more valuable dreaming.

For all these privileges those who work here pay a board such as is charged at any quiet summer resort, and for the rest the interest received from the endowment fund is sufficient to pay the wages of

## THE ACHIEVEMENT OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

the farmer who keeps the place, the salary of the housekeeper at the "Lower House," the taxes and repairs. Much of the money so far expended in developing the place has come out of Mrs. MacDowell's private means, but an additional endowment fund is necessary, and already plans are in preparation for the giving of a unique festival next season, by means of which it is hoped some of these funds may be raised, for additional roads, a swimming pool among the trees and an amphitheater where representations in the different arts can be given.

There is no lack of space. The estate consists of one hundred and seventy-five acres, embracing extensive forests of exceeding beauty and great age. These patriarchal trees grow in vast numbers, adjoining groves of younger trees. And standing in these green sun-splashed aisles of pine where the stillness is broken only by the dropping of a cone, it is difficult to realize that the village of Peterboro lies but a mile away.

Out of a summer of poetic memories, one scene in particular stands out from all the others. It is of the garden at "Hill Crest" on a Sunday afternoon, where we had all gathered, as was our custom, for the five o'clock tea drinking. While the shadows lengthened we talked earnestly, but whether it was the hour or the marvel of the sky where floated sunset clouds of incredible amethystine tints, gradually our conversation ceased. And suddenly from the distant hills, all wrapped in mist, came a moving current of freshness. Across the intervening fields the message of Monadnock was borne, and as though answering, the guardian poplars beside the gate responded with stately genuflections. The Rest of the Great Spirit brooded over the garden, the silent guests, and perhaps reached him who slept out there upon the hills, telling him that the dream dearest to him in life was now an actuality.

So let us leave him on his windswept summit, on that site of commanding beauty within sound of golf players, old friends with whom he played in other days, who find nothing sad in the proximity of his resting place, but rather love the thought of it. Let us leave him, knowing that he has attained at last,

"A house of dreams untold.  
It looks out over the whispering treetops  
And faces the setting sun."

## OUR NATIVE WOODS AND THE CRAFTSMAN METHOD OF FINISHING THEM

Editor's Note:—The following article upon the native woods of America and the Craftsman method of finishing them is reproduced by permission of The Craftsman Publishing Company from a volume just off the press, called "Craftsman Homes." Our object in publishing a part of this article in THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine is because we feel that it answers so many questions which are being daily sent to us by our subscribers upon the value, beauty and finish of American woods—a subject which up to the present time seems never to have been treated, so far as we know, in book or magazine.



**I**N CONSIDERING the relative value of our native woods for interior woodwork, we are inclined to give first place to the American white oak, which possesses not only strength of fiber and beauty of color and markings, but great durability, as its sturdiness and the hardness of its texture enable it to withstand almost any amount of wear. In this respect it is far superior to the other woods, such as chestnut, ash and elm, which we have scheduled as being in the same general class of open-textured, strong-fibered woods; although these, under the right treatment, possess a color quality finer than that of oak, in that they show a greater degree of that mellow radiance which counts so much in the atmosphere of a room. This is especially true of chestnut, which is so rich in color that it fairly glows.

There are many varieties of oak in this country, but of these the white oak is by far the most desirable, both for cabinetmaking and for interior woodwork. One reason for this is the deep, ripened color it takes on under the process we use for finishing it,—a process which gives the appearance of age and mellowness without in any way altering the character of the wood. We refer to the fuming with ammonia, which is described at length in "Craftsman Homes." The fact that ammonia fumes will darken new oak was discovered by accident. Some oak boards stored in a stable in England were found after a time to have taken on a beautiful mellow brown tone and on investigation this change in color was discovered to be due to the ammonia fumes that naturally are present in stables. The reason for this effect was at first unknown and, to the best of our belief, it was not discovered until the experiments with fuming made in The Craftsman Workshops established the fact that the darkening of the wood was due to the chemical affinity existing between ammonia and tannic acid, of which there is a large percentage present in white oak.

The fuming boxes in the Craftsman Workshops are of tarred canvas stretched tightly over large light wooden frames which are padded heavily around the bottom so that no air can creep in between the box and the floor. The box is drawn to the ceiling by means of a rope and pulley; the furniture is piled directly below, and shallow

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dishes are set around the edges inside the line that marks the limits of the compartment. The box is then lowered almost to the floor; very strong aqua ammonia (twenty-six per cent.) is quickly poured into the dishes and the box dropped at once to the floor. The strength of the ammonia used for this purpose may be appreciated when one remembers that the ordinary ammonia retailed for household use is about five per cent.

Of course, for fuming interior woodwork, the air-tight compartment is hardly practicable; but a fairly good substitute for it may be obtained by shutting up the room in which the woodwork is to be fumed, stuffing up all the crevices as if for fumigating with sulphur and then setting around on the floor a liberal number of dishes into which the ammonia is poured last of all. It is hardly necessary to say that the person pouring the ammonia should get out of the room as quickly as possible after the fumes are released.

Another way of treating oak with ammonia is to brush the liquid directly on the wood, but owing to the strength of the fumes this is not a very comfortable process for the worker and it is rather less satisfactory in its results. The ammonia being in the nature of water, it naturally raises the grain of the wood. Therefore, after the application, it should be allowed to dry over night and the grain carefully sandpapered down the next day. As this is apt to leave the color somewhat uneven, the wood should again be brushed over with the ammonia and sandpapered a second time after it is thoroughly dry. This method of getting rid of the grain is by no means undesirable, for the wood has a much more beautiful surface after all the loose grain has been raised and then sandpapered off. Where paint or varnish is used there is no necessity for getting rid of the grain, as it is held down by them. But with our finish, which leaves the wood very nearly in its natural state, it is best to dispose of the loose grain once for all and obtain a natural surface that will remain smooth.

**WE** FIND the finest white oak in the Middle West and Southwest, especially in Indiana, which has furnished large quantities of the best grade of this valuable wood. Like so many of our natural resources, the once bountiful supply of our white oak has been so depleted by reckless use that it is probable that ten or fifteen years more will see the end of quartered oak, and possibly of the best grades of plain-sawn oak as well. The popularity of quarter-sawn oak,—a very wasteful process of manufacture,—is one of the causes of the rapid depletion of our oak forests. The trunk is first cut into quarters and then each quarter is sawn diagonally from the outside to the center, naturally making the boards narrower and increasing



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the waste. There is some hope to be derived from the fact that great stretches of oak timberland are now being reforested by the Government, but at best it will be a generation or two before these slow-growing trees are large enough to furnish the best quality of lumber. There is no question as to the greater durability of quarter-sawn oak for uses which demand hard wear and also where the finer effects are desired, as in furniture, but for interior woodwork plain-sawn oak is not only much less expensive than quarter-sawn but is quite as desirable in every way. The markings are stronger and more interesting, the difference between the hard and soft parts of the grain is better defined, and the openness of texture gives the wood a mellow color quality than it has when quarter-sawn. The distinguishing characteristic of quarter-sawn oak is the presence of the glassy rays, —technically called medullary rays,—which bind the perpendicular fibers together and give the oak tree its amazing strength. In quarter-sawing, the cut is made parallel with these medullary rays instead of across them, as is done in straight sawing, so that they show prominently, forming the peculiar wavy lines that distinguish quarter-sawn oak. The preservation of the binding properties of these rays gives remarkable structural strength to the wood, which is much less liable to crack, check or warp than when it is plain-sawn. This, of course, makes a difference when it comes to making large panels, table tops, or anything else that shows a large plain surface, and for these uses quarter-sawn oak is preferable merely because it "stands" better. But for the woodwork of a room, we much prefer the plain-sawn oak on account of its friendliness and the delightful play of light and shade that is given by the boldness and color variation of the grain. When quarter-sawn oak is used for large stretches of woodwork, the effect is duller and more austere because the color of the wood is colder and more uniform and it shows a much harder and closer texture.

Next in rank to oak for use in large rooms comes chestnut, which is equally attractive in fiber and markings, has a color quality that is even better, and is plentiful, easily obtained and very reasonable as to cost. While it lacks something of the stateliness and durability of oak, chestnut is even more friendly because of the mellowness and richness of its color, which under very simple treatment takes on a luminous quality. Chestnut takes even more kindly than oak to the fuming process, because it contains a greater percentage of tannin and the texture of the wood itself is softer and more open. But unless a deep tone of brown is desired, fuming may be dispensed with, because the wood is so much richer in the elements from which color can be produced that a delightful effect may be obtained merely by



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applying a light stain of nut brown or soft gray, under which the natural color of the wood appears as an undertone. The staining is very easy to do, but care should be taken to have only a very little color in each coat, because the wood takes the stain so readily that a mere trifle of superfluous color will give a thick muddy effect that destroys the clear luminous quality which is its chief charm. In the case of our Craftsman houses, we find it easier to fume chestnut woodwork than to stain it, and this process is the more to be recommended because chestnut takes the fumes of ammonia very quickly and easily. Also because of this, the ammonia should never be brushed directly on the wood, which is so porous that the moisture is sure to raise the grain to such an extent that the amount of sanding required to smooth it down again destroys the natural surface. One great advantage of chestnut,—aside from its charm of color, texture and markings,—is that it is very easy to work, stays in place readily and is so easy to dry that the chances of getting thoroughly dry lumber are much greater than they would be if oak were used.

**N**EXT to chestnut, in our opinion, comes rock elm,—a wood that is fairly abundant, not expensive, and easily obtainable, especially in the East. Rock elm is not affected by the fumes of ammonia and, so far as our experiments go, we have never been able to obtain the right color effect by the use of chemicals. Therefore, in order to get a good color, this wood has to be stained. The colors which are most in harmony with its natural color are brown, green and gray, particularly in the lighter shades. The distinguishing peculiarity of rock elm is its jagged or feathery grain. Also the difference in color between the hard and soft parts of the wood is very marked, giving, under the right treatment, a charming variation in the color. If one has the patience to experiment with stains on small pieces of rock elm, some unexpectedly good effects may be obtained. Care must be taken, however, that the stain is light enough to show merely as an overtone that modifies the natural color of the wood, as the interplay of colors in the grain is hidden by too strong a surface tone. Elm is excellent for interior woodwork where the color effect desired is lighter than that given by either oak or chestnut and also it is hard enough to make pretty good furniture. This last is a decided advantage, especially in a room containing many built-in pieces which naturally form a part of the woodwork.

Brown ash comes into the same class with rock elm, as it is good for furniture as well as interior woodwork. It has a texture and color very similar to elm and should be treated in the same way with a very light stain of either brown, gray or green, all of which blend per-

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fectly with the color quality inherent in the wood. Unfortunately, however, brown ash is no longer plentiful, having been wasted in the same reckless way that we have wasted other excellent woods. Some years ago it was used in immense quantities for making cheap furniture, agricultural implements and the like, and as it was used not only freely but wastefully, the supply is today very nearly exhausted.

In buildings where it seems desirable to show in the woodwork the bold, strikingly artistic effects such as we associate with Japanese woods, we can heartily recommend cypress, which is plentiful, easily obtained and not expensive. For bungalows, mountain camps, seaside cottages, country clubs and the like, where strong and somewhat unusual effects are sought for, cypress will be found eminently satisfactory, as it is strong and brilliant as to markings and possesses most interesting possibilities in the way of color. Cypress is a soft wood belonging to the pine family and we get most of it from the cypress swamps in the Southern States. It is very like the famous Japanese cypress, which gives such a wonderful charm to many of the Japanese buildings and which is so identified with the Japanese use of woods. Over there they bury it for a time in order to get the color quality that is most desired,—a soft gray-brown against which the markings stand out strongly and show varying tones. This method, however, did not seem expedient in connection with our own use of the wood and after long experimenting we discovered that we could get much the same effect by treating it with sulphuric acid.

This process is very simple, as it is merely the application of diluted sulphuric acid directly to the surface of the wood. The commercial sulphuric acid should be used rather than the chemically pure, as the former is much cheaper and is quite as good for this purpose. Generally speaking, the acid should be reduced with water in the proportion of one part of acid to five parts of water, but the amount of dilution depends largely upon the temperature in which the work is done. Conditions are best when the thermometer registers seventy-five degrees or more. If it is above that, the sulphuric acid will stand considerably more dilution than it will take if the air is cooler. Of course, in the case of interior woodwork, it is possible to keep the room at exactly the right temperature by means of artificial heat, but when exterior woodwork or shingles are given the sulphuric acid treatment, it is most important to take into consideration the temperature and state of the weather. Exposure to the direct rays of the sun darkens the wood so swiftly that a much weaker solution is required than when the work is done in the shade. In any case, it is best to do a good deal of experimenting upon small pieces of wood before attempting to put the acid on the woodwork itself, as it is only

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by this means that the exact degree of strength required to produce the best effect can be determined. After the application of the acid the wood should be allowed to dry perfectly before putting on the final finish. For interior woodwork this last finish is given by applying one or two coats of wax; for the exterior, one or two coats of raw linseed oil may be used. If the wood threatens to become too dark under the action of the acid, the burning process can be stopped instantly by an application of either oil or wax, so that the degree of corrosion is largely under the control of the worker. A white hog's-bristle brush should be used for applying the acid, as any other kind of brush would be eaten up within a short time. Also great care should be taken to avoid getting acid on the face, hands or clothing.

All cypress woodwork, whether interior or exterior, takes stain well; and if staining is preferred to the sulphuric acid treatment, very good effects may be gained in this way. We wish, however, to repeat the caution against using too strong a stain, as the effect is always much better if a very little color is carried on in each coat. We cannot too strongly urge the necessity of preliminary experimenting with small pieces of wood in order to gain the best color effects, and we also recommend that in finishing the woodwork of the room itself a very light color be put on at first, to be darkened if a deeper color is found necessary to give the desired effect. The reason for this is that a color which may be considered perfect upon a small piece of wood that is examined closely and held to the light, may prove either too strong or too weak when it is seen on the woodwork as a whole. Much of the effect depends upon the lighting of the room, and therefore it is best to go slowly and "work up" the finish of the woodwork until exactly the right effect is gained. After staining cypress woodwork it should be given either a coat of shellac or wax.

**C**ALIFORNIA redwood, when used for interior woodwork, gives an effect as interesting as that obtained by the use of cypress; but redwood does not respond well to the sulphuric acid treatment, which darkens and destroys its beautiful cool pinkish tone. In fact, redwood is best when left in its natural state and rubbed down with wax, as it then keeps in its purity the color quality that naturally belongs to it. Except for this slight finish and protection to the surface, it is a good wood to let alone, as either oil or varnish give it a hot red look that is disquieting to live with and does not harmonize with any cool tones in the furniture; stains disguise the charm of its natural color and the chemical treatment brings out a purplish tone and gives a darkened and rather muddy effect.

While hard pine is fairly plentiful and lends itself well either to

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the sulphuric acid treatment or to simple staining, we do not recommend it for interior woodwork, as it costs no less than other woods we have mentioned and is less interesting in color and grain. But if it should be preferred, we would suggest that it be treated with the sulphuric acid, which gives a soft gray tone to the softer parts of the wood and a good deal of brilliancy to the markings.

In considering the woods that are most desirable for woodwork in rooms where light colors and dainty furnishings are used, birch comes first on the list, as it is nearest in character to the open-textured woods we have just described. Of the several varieties, red birch is best for interior woodwork. It is easily obtained all over the East, the Middle West and the South and costs considerably less than the other woods we have mentioned. When left in its natural state and treated with sulphuric acid, red birch makes really beautiful interior woodwork, as the acid deepens its natural color and gives it a mellowness that is as fine in its way as the mellowness produced in oak or chestnut by fuming. Some such treatment is absolutely necessary, for if red birch is left in its natural state, its color fades instead of ripening, so that it gets more and more of a washed-out look as time goes on. In using the acid on birch it is necessary to have a stronger solution than is required in the case of cypress: one part of acid to three parts of water should give it about the required strength. One advantage of birch is its hardness, for after the acid treatment it needs only waxing and rubbing to give it the final finish. The good qualities of birch, treated in this way and used for interior woodwork, are very little known, because it is the wood which has been used more than any other to imitate mahogany. The grain of birch is very similar to that of the more expensive wood, and when it has been given a red water stain and finished with shellac and varnish it bears a close resemblance to mahogany finished in the modern way,—which is by no means to be confused with the rare old Spanish mahogany of the eighteenth century.

Another excellent wood for use in a room that should have comparatively fine and delicate woodwork is maple, which either can be left in its natural color or finished in a tone of clear silver gray. As is well known, the natural maple takes on with use and wear a tone of clear pale yellow. This is not considered generally desirable, but if it should be needed to complete some special color scheme, it can be given to new maple by the careful use of aqua fortis, which should be diluted with water and used like sulphuric acid. The same precautions should be observed in using it, as it is a strong corrosive. Maple is generally considered much more beautiful when finished in the gray tone, as this harmonizes admirably with the colors most



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often used in a daintily furnished room,—such as dull blue, old rose, pale straw color, reseda green and old ivory. It is not at all difficult to obtain this gray finish, for all that is needed is to brush a weak solution of iron rust on the wood. This solution is not made by using oxide of iron,—which is commonly but erroneously supposed to mean the same thing as iron rust,—but is obtained by throwing iron filings, rusty nails or any small pieces of iron into acid vinegar or a weak solution of acetic acid. After a couple of days the solution should be strained off and diluted with water until it is of the strength needed to get the desired color upon the wood. It is absolutely necessary in the case of this treatment to experiment first with small pieces of wood before the solution is applied to the woodwork as a whole, because otherwise it would be impossible to judge as to the strength of solution needed to give the desired effect. The color does not show at all until the application is thoroughly dry. If it is too weak, the wood will not be gray enough, and if it is too strong, it will be dark and muddy looking, sometimes almost black. After the woodwork so treated is perfectly dry and has been carefully sandpapered with very fine sandpaper, it should be given a coat of thin shellac that has been slightly darkened by putting in a few drops of black aniline (the kind that is soluble in alcohol); then it is given the final finish by rubbing with wax. These are the only methods we know that give good results on maple. We have tried the sulphuric acid treatment upon this wood, but have not found it satisfactory.

Beech, which is a little darker than maple and of a similar texture and grain, is equally desirable for the same uses. It may be treated either with iron rust or aqua fortis, following the same directions given in the case of maple.

One practical detail that should be remembered by all who desire beautiful woodwork is that particular attention should be paid to having all the wood thoroughly kiln-dried. Even more important is the necessity of having the house free from dampness before the woodwork is put in, because no wood, however dry and well seasoned, will stand against the dampness of a newly plastered house. In fact, the effect upon the woodwork in such a case is almost worse than when the wood itself is not thoroughly seasoned, for in the latter case it will merely shrink, while dampness in the house will cause it to swell and bulge. The drying of wood not only needs close attention but the aid of some experienced person, as kiln-dried lumber is very apt to be uneven, and there is need of very careful watching while the wood is in the kiln to insure the even drying of all the boards.

Another thing that is worth watching is the final smoothing of the wood before it is put into place. After it leaves the planing ma-



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chines in the mill it has to be made still smoother, and so most mills that furnish interior trim have installed sandpapering machines. These are convenient and labor-saving, but give a result that is very undesirable for fine woodwork, as the rotary sanding "fuzzes" the grain and, under the light finish we use, it is apt to be raised and roughened by moisture absorbed from the atmosphere. This does not matter when the woodwork is varnished, because the varnish holds it down, but where the natural surface of the wood is preserved great care should be used in the treatment of the grain.

In connection with the woodwork in a house it is necessary to give some attention to the floors, which come into close relation with the treatment of the walls. The best wood for flooring is quartered oak, which all lumber merchants keep in stock in narrow widths, tongued and grooved. We find, however, that a more interesting floor can be made by using wider boards of uneven width, as this gives an effect of strength and bigness to the room. These wide boards need not be tongued and grooved, but may be put together with butt joints, and the boards nailed through the top by using brad-head nails that can be countersunk and the holes puttied up so that they are almost invisible. When very wide boards are used it is best to build the floor in "three ply" like paneling. Plain-sawn oak is also good for flooring, but it is more likely to warp and sliver than quartered oak and it does not lie so flat. An oak floor, whether plain or quarter sawn, must always be filled with a silex wood filler so that its surface is made smooth and non-absorbent. The color should be made the same as that of the woodwork, or a little darker; and after the stain is applied, the floor should be given one coat of shellac and then waxed. In rooms where the color schemes permit a slightly reddish tone in the floor, we would suggest that either birch or beech be used for flooring, as these may be finished by the sulphuric acid process,—a method which is better than stain because it darkens the wood itself and therefore does not wear off with use. If a gray floor should be desired, we would suggest maple treated with the iron-rust solution. In either case a coat of thin shellac should be applied after the chemical has been thoroughly dried,—say twenty-four hours after the first application,—and then waxed in the regular way. For ordinary floors a good wood to use is comb-grained pine, which receives its name from the method of sawing that leaves the grain in straight lines, not unlike the teeth of a comb. This does not warp or sliver and is very durable; it may be treated with stain and then given the regular finish of shellac and wax.

## A SCULPTOR WHO IS ALSO A CRAFTSMAN: BY KATHARINE ELISE CHAPMAN



**P**AUL WAYLAND BARTLETT, whose reputation in America rests at present largely upon the execution of the equestrian statue of Lafayette, erected in France as a tribute to that hero by the school children of America, has decided to settle permanently in his native country. It is, in many ways, a happy choice. His compatriots will become more familiar with one of their own artists, not the less American because his gift has developed in foreign lands and dealt with foreign ideals. The artist, on his part, will find an abundant inspiration among his countrymen, whose most adequate expression has been in commercial activity rather than in the development of æsthetic standards best suited to his peculiar vision.

As true art shows the source of creative spirit, so Mr. Bartlett's work suggests a truly American genuineness and directness of treatment which throws into fuller relief the intellectual subtlety and singularly limpid sympathy that characterizes all his subjects. Here also the careful observer feels the unwearying demand for its own fullest measure of technical attainment which marks the art of a master, for, as a sculptor Mr. Bartlett possesses in the highest degree that whole-hearted devotion which counts no detail of technique too trivial for its minutest attention. Such solicitude for the craft as well as the art was doubtless strengthened by early influences, for, like Samuel, he grew up in the very temple courts. In his father's studio while at Paris, in the garden at Marly, where, a boy of ten, his first attempts at modeling were directed by the illustrious Frémiet, in the Jardin des Plantes, in the studios of famous sculptors with whom as a lad he earned his bread by modeling animals, the achievement of sculpture was always before him. Rodin, Gaudez, Paul Dubois and many others might have claimed him for a pupil. His training was more like that of a craftsman of the Renaissance than falls to the lot of modern artists.

Between the Cerberus of the Luxembourg and the Lafayette of the Louvre lies a period of something more than a quarter of a century, and it has been filled to overflowing with the products of the many phases of his inspiration. He is the craftsman as well as the artist—at home in the blouse and familiar with the leather apron; he handles the chisel; he works in his own foundry; he gives to the world those seductive, iridescent patinas which compel the Japanese to acknowledge him a master in their art; he revives after more than a century the "lost wax" process of the ancients; he studies the minutiae of costume—in short, his is a vivid and restless mental

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activity and a Puritan conscientiousness investigating to the last detail the subject in hand.

His more important works show a steady advance in well-defined steps: the firmer grasp on technique, the larger conception of his art, the deeper insight into life; each unfolding in turn new vistas before him. And at every step in each creation there is real achievement.

"**T**HE Ghost Dance" and "The Bohemian Bear Tamer" may be classed with the boy sculpture period. The latter was executed at the age of twenty and, considering his age, extraordinarily well executed. One is diverted by the contrast between the technique and the theme—the masterly handling, and the boy's delight in an interesting reality. Imagination is at work here; but in the "Ghost Dance" it is further enhanced by expanding sympathy. The sculptor has entered into the turbulent abandon of this young Indian's soul. Exhibited in the Salon in eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, the venerable *savant* of twenty-four, its creator, was made one of the Jury of Awards in the Paris exposition, where, contrary to rule, he was awarded the gold medal of honor.

The period of the small bronzes was the next expression of his art. The "Wounded Lion," modeled at twenty-six, shows a sensibility both refined and impressive in the blending of sentiment with the lower forms of life. The figure of "Grief" which followed in apparently natural sequence, rises to greater dignity. Here the artist's deeper hold upon life and art is set forth in the interpretation of human passion.

But at last, the pulsing power of Paul Bartlett's native land, the interest of her history, her awakening self-consciousness laid its compelling hand upon this hitherto willing exile, and with the historical period in his work, he entered into a fuller possession of his heritage of native inspiration. After the equestrian statue of Washington, made in eighteen hundred and ninety-five, he took part in a competition for the modeling of the Sherman statue and received the prize. The statues of "Law" and Columbus for the Congressional Library at Washington were followed in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight by the statue of Michael Angelo. In the figure of Columbus we find the trim expertness and æstheticism of French art which had previously influenced his style, expanding into a more human and vehement expression of imagination.

The Michael Angelo first offered to other sculptors and declined, either through indifference or distrust in their own critical powers, has at last taken its place among the representative statues of the world. Wherever seen, it seems to stand alone, so inexorable is its



"THE BOHEMIAN BEAR TAMER:"  
PAUL BARTLETT, SCULPTOR.



COLUMBUS: IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT  
WASHINGTON, D. C.: PAUL BARTLETT, SCULPTOR.





JOHN WINTHROP, JUNIOR: STATE HOUSE FACADE,  
HARTFORD, CONN.: PAUL BARTLETT, SCULPTOR.



LAFAYETTE: A GIFT TO FRANCE BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF AMERICA: ERECTED IN THE GRAND COURT OF THE LOUVRE: PAUL BARTLETT, SCULPTOR.

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attracting power. At first glance it might appear the somewhat slender figure of an artificer, standing, chisel in hand—but then, the hand! It thinks, feels, quivers through sensitive nerves to the very finger tips. In the face is the quality of the soul, striving, longing, attaining, yet always with supremest ideal unattained—a nature unappeased, insatiate.

The new statue of Lafayette, the fruit of eight years of labor and ripening experience, was placed in the Grand Court of the Louvre during June of last year. This work is the consummation of a steady progress in power toward the point where the artist has begun to express in his work the rare exalted moments of life. The passionate recognition of that multitudinous demand for freedom, equality and the rights of humanity that made Lafayette a leader among men who were fighting for the actual possession of these principles, seems to thrill through this buoyant, youthful figure. To this statue of Lafayette, as to all his other representations of historical characters, the sculptor has imparted a distinct and appealing personality.

Mr. Bartlett is primarily a sculptor of the specific. What he most delights in is the presentation of actual characters of history or of definite emotions. His central theme is unembellished by winged victories or cupids, or any symbolical figure such as sculptors often use to make their conceptions more obvious. The appeal that his sculpture makes is the intrinsic appeal of the subject, illuminating the skilfully handled marble. Thus his statues are never mere portraits, because behind the obvious expression of the marble form there is this subtle grasp of the personality, the keen emotion, the lofty vision which made the individuality of the character. The world regards the portrayal of abstract ideas and emotions as the highest reach of power in sculpture. Yet, to infuse a single figure with so great a thought that it becomes salient is surely also one of the triumphs of art.

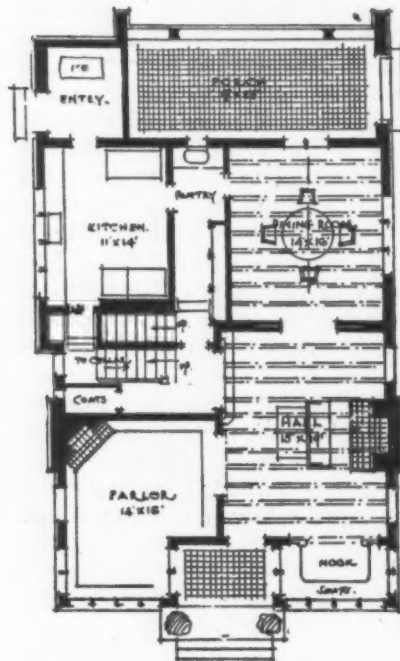
It is not difficult to predict the future of an artist already crowned with achievements like these. With such breadth of training as has been his fortune and such sweep of vision as is his by nature, he is in little danger of sinking into narrow mannerism. A growth into a great and peculiar excellence seems the inevitable goal of his present course.

# PERMANENCE AN ESSENTIAL CONSIDERATION IN HOME BUILDING: A STUDY OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE WHICH ACHIEVES BEAUTY AND DURABILITY THROUGH TERRA COTTA CONSTRUCTION

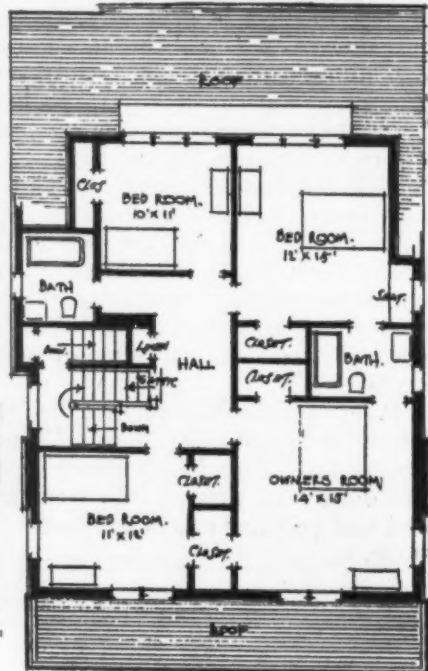


WHILE we deplore the diminishing of our forests and the ever-increasing cost at which we build our houses, let us look about for the proverbial small advantage that this sad loss carries with it. The house is the monument of the family, its welfare and dignity, the roof tree under which the successive generations come to flower. The essential quality of a home is permanence of beauty and material. It must endure beyond those whom it shelters. It must be a source of protection and of strength to the young generations as they come; not a drain, from a sentimental association, upon their material resources.

The wooden buildings that we deplore are daily becoming more



HOME OF MR. CHARLES A. O'MALLEY:  
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SQUIRES & WYNKOOP, ARCHITECTS:  
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



DESIGNS OF MODERN HOUSES SHOWING BEAUTY  
AND DURABILITY OF TERRA COTTA CONSTRUCTION.



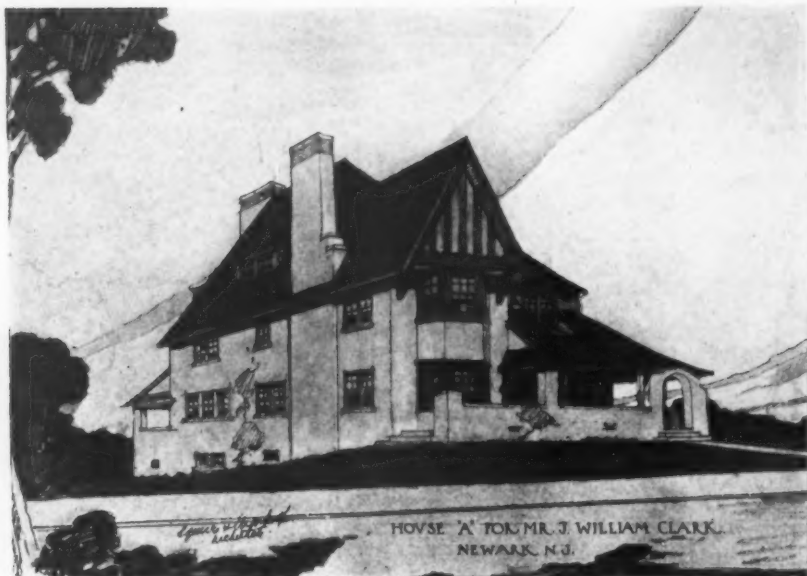


HOME OF MR. H. J. KEISER, ORANGE, N. J.:  
SHOWING INTERESTING TILE ROOF.

TERRA COTTA HOUSE: WITH ESPECIAL BEAUTY  
OF WINDOW GROUPING AND ROOF LINE.



HOME OF MR. EDWARD D. PAGE: ONE OF A  
LITTLE FIREPROOF VILLAGE IN ORANGE, N. J.  
HOME OF MR. KENDALL BANNING IN WHICH  
THE LINE AND COLOR OF THE ROOF MAKE IT  
A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE.



TERRA COTTA HOUSE OF GREAT SIMPLICITY AND UNUSUAL STRUCTURAL BEAUTY.

HOUSE OF TERRA COTTA AND HALF-TIMBER CONSTRUCTION: OWNED BY PROF. JAMES E. LOUGH, UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS, N. Y.

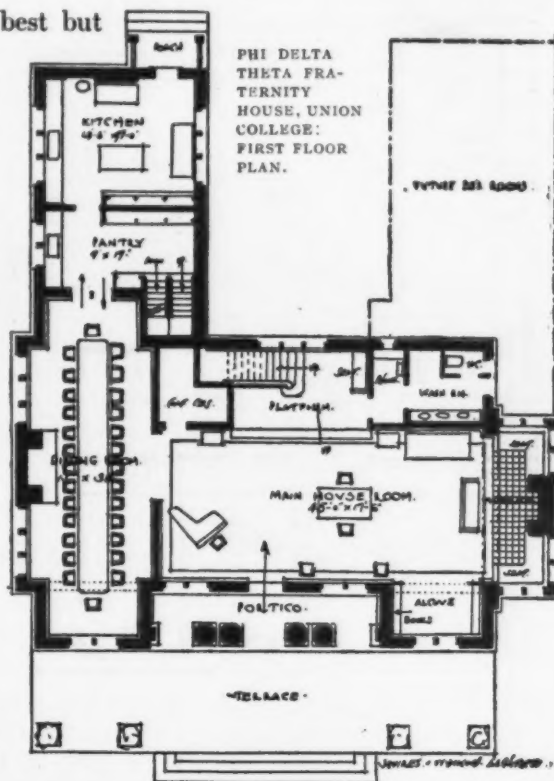
## BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN TERRA COTTA HOUSES

costly and can be at best but temporary affairs.

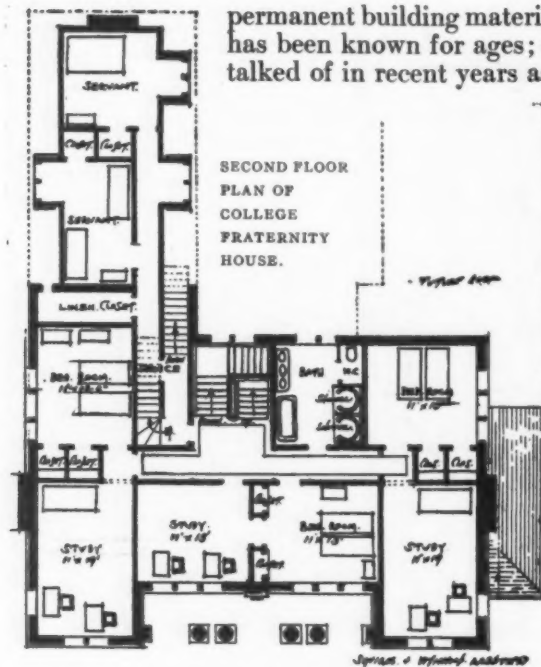
They require a constant outlay for repairs, even when they have been built with open construction and every other possible care has been taken to minimize this expense, which increases with the age of the house; they are liable to be injured or entirely destroyed by fire. Buildings of this nature cannot but contribute a fleeting, impermanent atmosphere to the home life within them. The wooden house a man builds today can be no very valuable asset to his great-grandchildren. Realizing this, he builds only

for the present, for his wife and his own children; he does not stop to consider that his home should be an investment of permanent value; he is influenced by the prevailing mode in houses rather than by a definite ideal of "home" and comes to look upon the house he has erected as something which will have meaning only so long as he lives in it. It is not a monument to his family. Nor could he, when he puts up a frame house, in the common sense, cherish any vivid sentiment about it as an enduring shelter above those who shall perpetuate his name and blood. When he builds in wood he is cut off from building for posterity and this continual planning for the present alone, tends more and more to destroy the sense of the family as a unit and encourages an individualism pernicious to the country.

Therefore it is not without gain that we have been driven, by necessity, from so wide a use of wood, to the discovery and use of



## BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN TERRA COTTA HOUSES



permanent building materials for our homes. Brick has been known for ages; concrete has been much talked of in recent years as a material for all sorts of building. Thomas A. Edison a year or so ago put forth a scheme for making houses from molds—while you wait, as it were. And today there is a new substance which is engaging the interest of architects and contractors, terra cotta. Already there have been put up a number of terra cotta houses in the vicinity of New York City, and a few within the city limits. A few weeks ago the owner of a large tract of land in Newark, New Jersey, containing

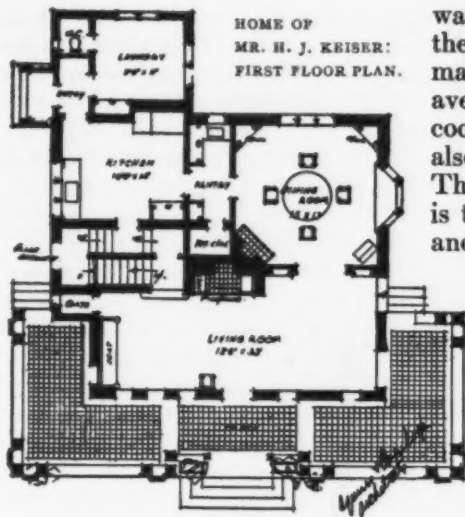
about two hundred lots, announced his intention of building thereon terra cotta houses, and signed a contract for the first group.

When the plans for the first dwelling of this kind in New York were filed with the Building Department, the authorities in that branch of the municipal government did not know what to make of the strange plans or where to put their O. K. upon them. Upon investigation the officials found that the clay material was perfectly safe. The owner of the proposed house was Amos Schaeffer, an engineer attached to the Public Service Commission who had studied the unfamiliar style of construction thoroughly, and found that a terra cotta house would answer all demands.

As it goes into both walls and floors, the terra cotta is in the form of hollow blocks. These have been used for years in the fireproofing of large business buildings. Anyone who has watched a skyscraper in the process of construction has seen these reddish yellow blocks placed between the steel beams and girders. The blocks are made of clay, heated to about one thousand degrees Fahrenheit and allowed to cool slowly; they are hollow, so that when laid end to end, they form continuous air chambers. These air spaces make the



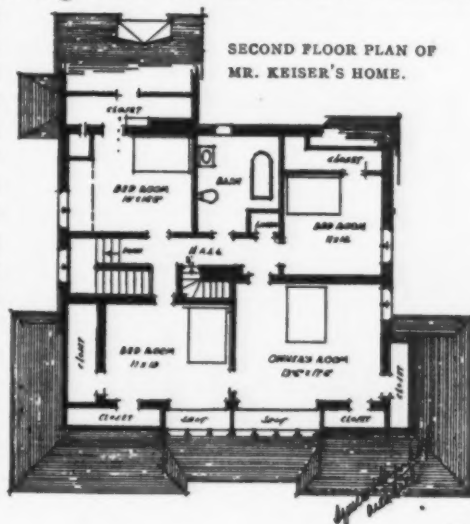
## BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN TERRA COTTA HOUSES



walls non-conductors of heat, with the result that buildings of this material are warmer than the average building in winter and cooler in summer; they are proof also against vermin as well as fire. The most common form of floor is that including both terra cotta and concrete in its construction; concrete used in the place of beams. First a false floor of wood is laid with spaces between the planks at regular intervals. Over the open spaces are laid terra cotta blocks in parallel lines in the position that they are to occupy permanently, and the concrete mixture is poured

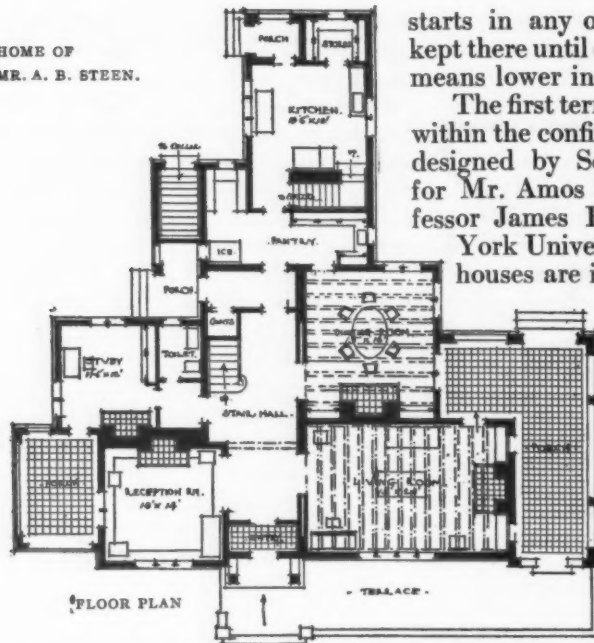
between them. When the concrete has hardened the blocks are held immovable and the floor is as solid as any floor can be.

**A** VARIATION of this plan in the construction of upper floors, is to extend the concrete, beams downward, below the surface of the terra cotta; a coating of cement makes them smooth, and they can be colored to any shade that is wished. This creates the effect of a beam ceiling, but of course requires a more complicated "centering" for the concrete than when the floor has both the upper and lower surfaces even. The partitions in the house may also be made of the hollow blocks laid in the same way as in the outside walls, although they do not have to be so thick; even closet walls can be made of terra cotta. Such a house is absolutely fireproof, not only from the outside, but if a fire



## BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN TERRA COTTA HOUSES

HOME OF  
MR. A. B. STEEN.



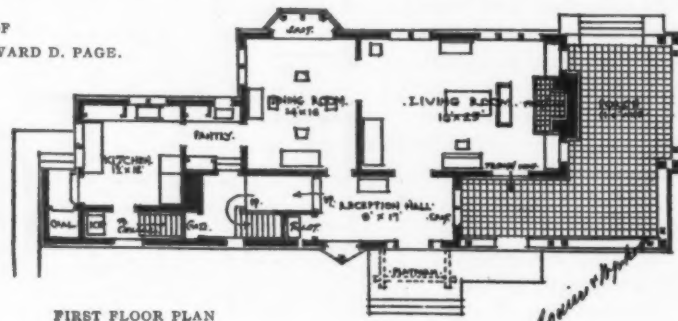
starts in any one room it can be kept there until extinguished. This means lower insurance rates.

The first terra cotta homes built within the confines of the city were designed by Squires & Wynkoop for Mr. Amos Schaeffer and Professor James E. Lough, of New York University. Both of these houses are in the section of the Bronx known as

University Heights, and overlook the Harlem River. A photograph of Professor Lough's house accompanies this article. Many defects that were discovered in the experimental erection of this house

have been remedied in the later buildings; for example, the third floor was made with wood joists instead of fireproof beams, as are those of the first and second stories. The necessity of waterproofing at the windows and other exposed points was first realized in this house. Mr. Schaeffer was his own contractor and being a practical engineer, he was able to employ workmen and see that they did their work properly. Laying the tile blocks was as simple as laying ordinary brick. When the walls, floors and partitions were in place they

HOME OF  
MR. EDWARD D. PAGE.

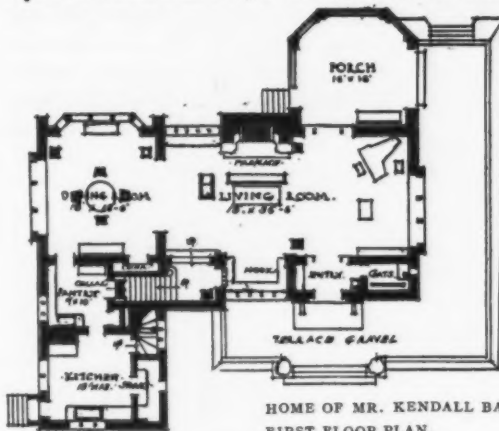
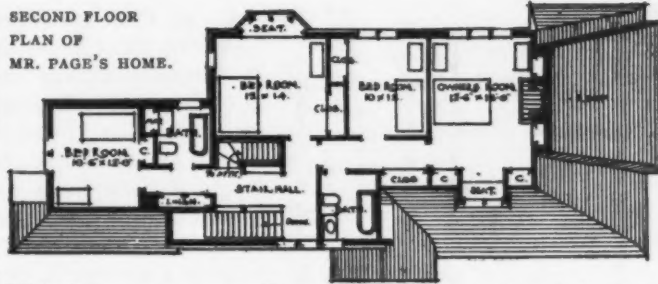


## BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN TERRA COTTA HOUSES

had cost him twenty-five hundred dollars. This did not include, of course, the expenses incident to roofing, finishing and plastering the building.

This house was so well constructed, in spite of the fact that the laborers employed had had no previous experience in this style of construction, that it has never needed waterproofing.

SECOND FLOOR  
PLAN OF  
MR. PAGE'S HOME.

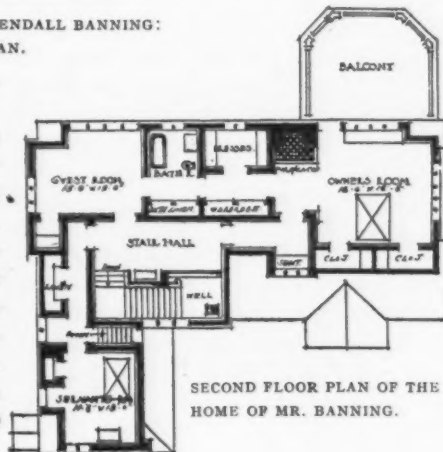


HOME OF MR. KENDALL BANNING:  
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

New York are made of this fire-proof material.

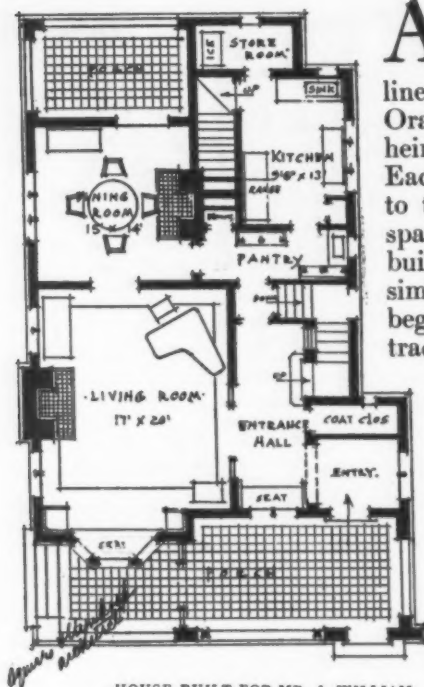
The accompanying drawings and their floor plans show the variety of style that may be employed in this architecture. The house designed for Mr. Banning is built on a concrete foundation, and is a long rambling structure suggesting a modified farmhouse construction. The tiled roof is in four shades, running from orange to deep orange-brown near the eaves.

The exterior of a terra cotta house is of stucco, applied directly to the blocks, as is the plaster inside the house. Terra cotta offers the same opportunity for architectural variation and adornment with wood or stone as any less permanent form of building, and some of the handsomest country houses around



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF THE  
HOME OF MR. BANNING.

## BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN TERRA COTTA HOUSES

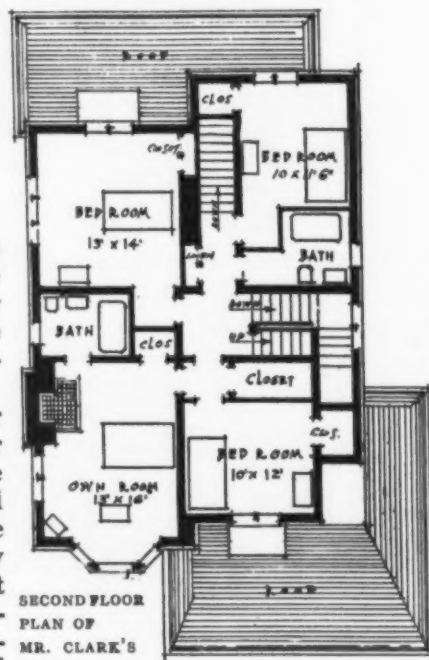


HOUSE BUILT FOR MR. J. WILLIAM CLARK: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

eight-inch tiles, the non-bearing walls of three-inch tiles, the roofs are covered with slate and the interior finish and floors are of wood. The cost of the two houses is about nineteen thousand dollars.

The house designed for Mr. Keiser is picturesque and original in color and proportions. The long roofs are of convex tiles, dull red in color, and the walls are a rich cream. The house of Mr. A. B. Steen apparently has nothing about it structurally that can rot or depreciate; it is absolutely fireproof. This house demonstrates the freedom of plan and

**A**MONG the illustrations is one of the houses in a little terra cotta village on the boundary line between Orange and South Orange, New Jersey, built by the heirs to the Henry A. Page estate. Each of these houses has from eight to ten rooms and in one is a floor span of eighteen feet, the longest yet built in this type of construction. A similar undertaking has just been begun in Newark, New Jersey, on a tract of land owned by J. William Clark overlooking Branch Brook Park. One of the two houses already erected is shown in the illustrations. The floors, bearing walls and outside walls are of



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MR. CLARK'S HOUSE.

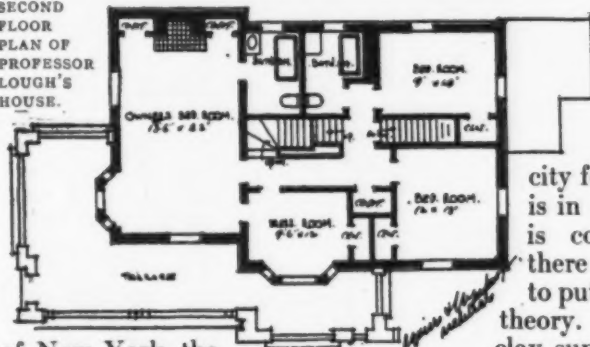
## BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN TERRA COTTA HOUSES

exterior adornment that this building material allows. Mr. O'Malley's house shows how splendidly the hollow blocks lend themselves to a simple and dignified style of architecture. The sides of this building are reinforced with steel

and concrete, and the structure is quite indestructible.

The Phi Delta Theta fraternity house at Union College is one of the most charming of all the designs for this material. The use of the pillars is especially effective—they are not simply placed on the front, but form a part of the composition of the house.

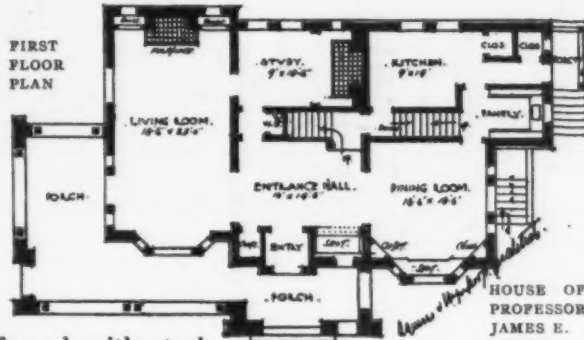
SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF PROFESSOR LOUGH'S HOUSE.



of New York, the as the blocks are made from clay mined from two pits in New Jersey only a few miles from the city.

The firm of Squires & Wynkoop, architects, from whose houses these illustrations are drawn and who have done much to further this particular style of building, estimate the cost of a terra cotta house at about twenty-six cents to the cubic foot; the entire cost of such a house is about fifteen or twenty per cent. more than a frame house of similar size and character. Considering the outlay for repairs and the security against dampness and vermin, a terra cotta house at the end of a period of twenty-five years is likely to be as cheap as a frame house.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN



HOUSE OF PROFESSOR JAMES E. LOUGH.

It is natural that this idea of fire-proof construction has advanced farthest in a district of which a large city forms the center. It is in the city that wood is costliest and where there is most willingness to put into practice a new theory. Also, in the case clay supply is near at hand,





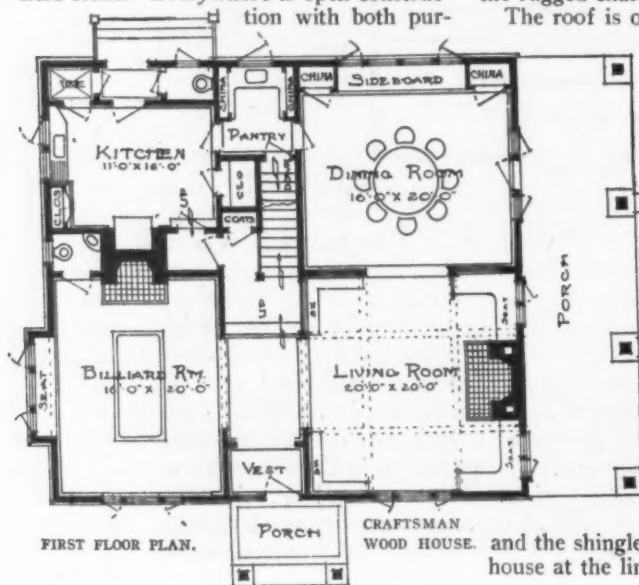
## A STUDY OF COMFORT IN HOME LIFE: TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES, IN THE DESIGNING OF WHICH THE FRIENDLY INTIMACY OF FAMILY LIFE FURNISHED THE GUIDING PRINCIPLE

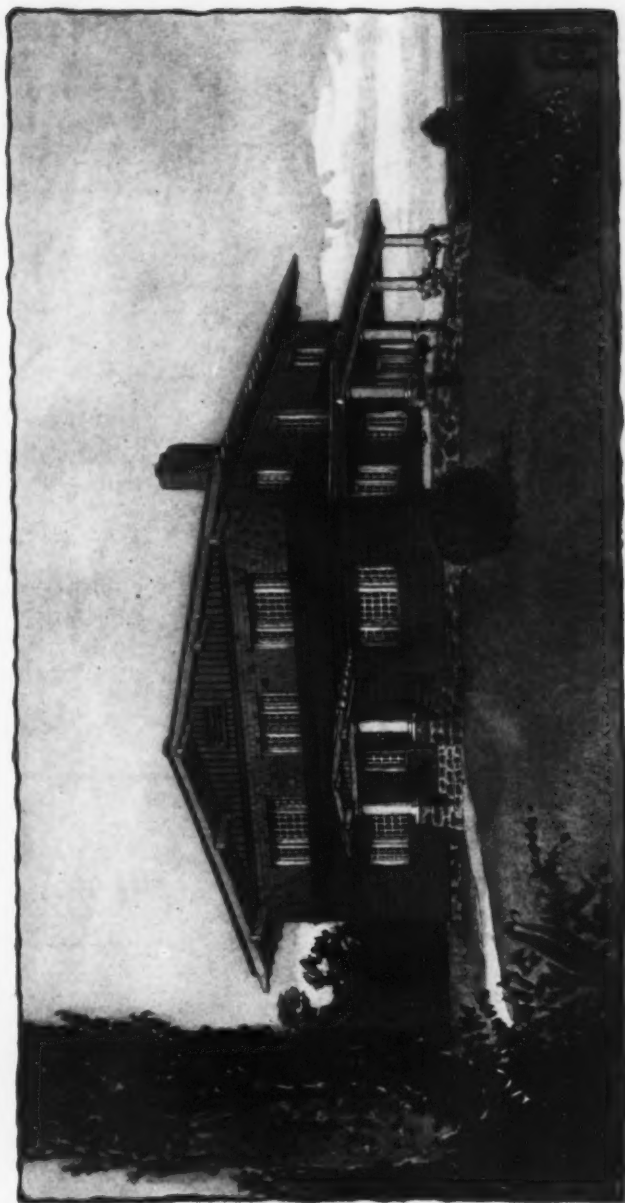
**T**HE two country houses published in this issue for the use of the Home-builders' Club are excellent examples of Craftsman architecture and of the simplicity and comfort for which the Craftsman house stands. The first is built entirely of wood on a foundation of field stone. Everywhere is open construction with both pur-

lins and rafters exposed. Cypress is the wood used in the exterior of the house, but it is used in various forms. The weatherboarding and shingles are thick and broad so that the angle of their projection upon each other is deep enough to cast a shadow, and thus, even at a distance, the walls retain the rugged character of their construction.

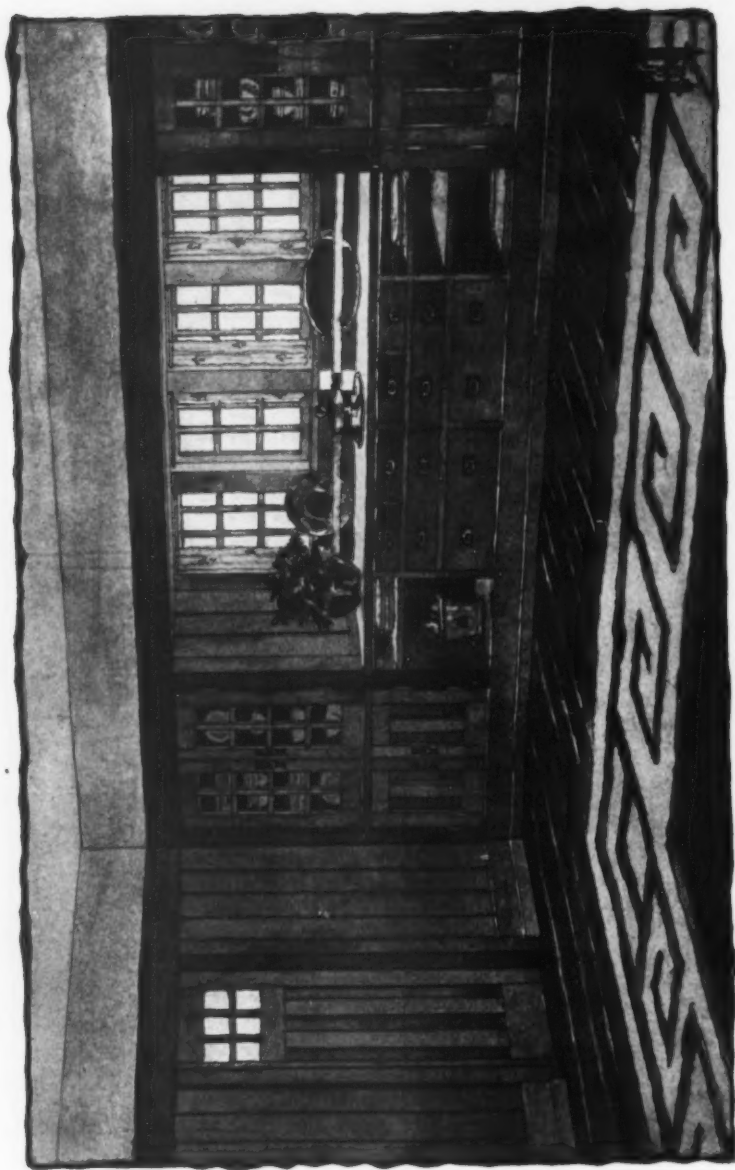
The roof is of low pitch with a projection of four feet at the eaves. The lower story and part of the second is covered with eight-inch weather-boarding, seven-eighths of an inch thick.

This surface is varied by two belt courses of four-inch boards, laid flat, and stained a darker color than the rest of the house. Between the upper belt course and the eaves, rived shingles are used. In the gable, narrow V-jointed boards are laid vertically, with a flat band matching the belt courses in color, forming the finish between the vertical boards and the shingles, and running around the house at the line of the eaves. The effect



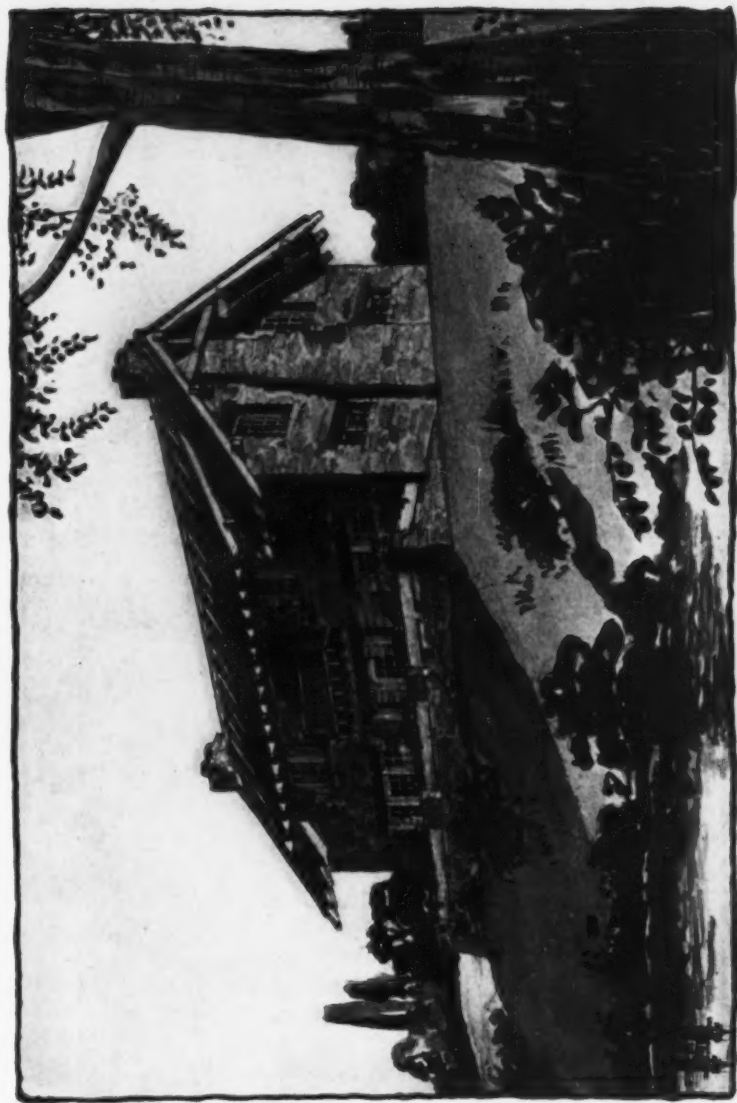


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE BUILT ENTIRELY OF  
WOOD ON A STONE FOUNDATION.



See Page 456

LIVING ROOM SHOWING INTERIOR, BUILT-IN  
FITTINGS AND INTERESTING USE OF WOOD.



See Page 462

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE BEING BUILT IN NEW JERSEY:  
CONSTRUCTED OF FIELD STONES WITH HEAVY  
LINTELS OF WHITE OAK TIMBER.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN THE STONE HOUSE:  
INTERESTING AND CONVENIENT GROUPING OF FIRE-  
PLACE, BOOKCASE AND WINDOW SEAT.

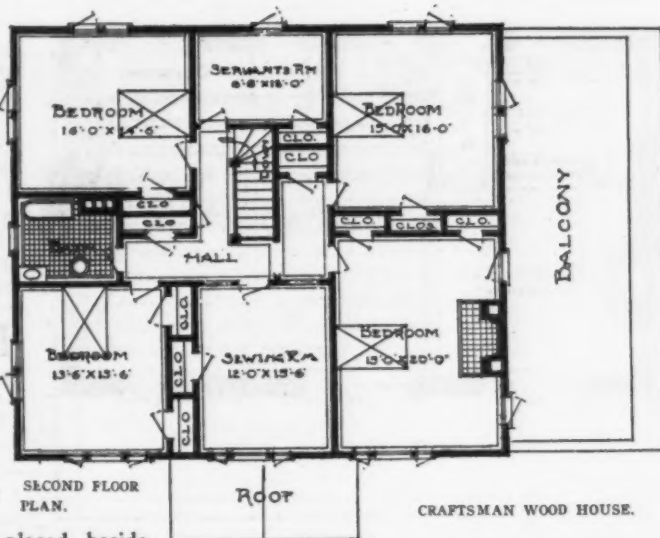


## HOUSES PLANNED FOR COMFORTABLE HOME LIFE

of these three parallel courses of a darker color is to take away from the height of the house and give it a low, bungalow-like look in spite of its three stories.

The windows all over the house are much the same, each one protected by a hood; the large windows are made with a stationary panel, on either side of which a single casement opens outward. The smaller windows have a casement placed beside a stationary panel of the same size. When the window is open it gives the effect of a double casement with one half closed. This arrangement is an economy in screening, as only half of the window needs to be covered. Since the casement opens outward, the screens may be fitted inside the window frame and thus, protected from rain and dampness, last four times as long. By the use of a casement adjuster, it is possible to open the window and keep it open at any distance desired without raising the screen.

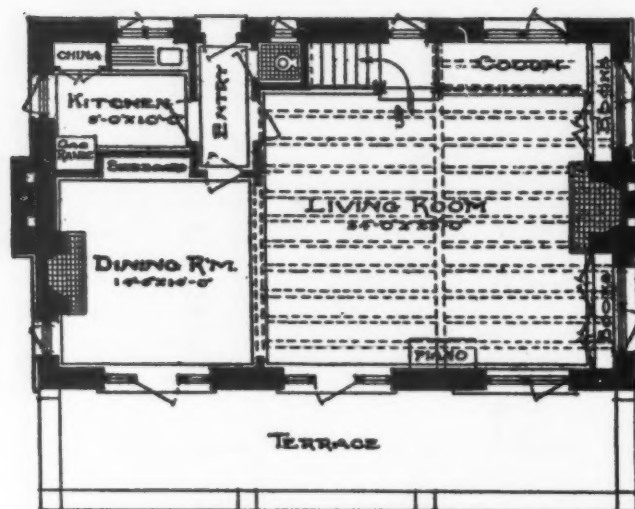
The entrance door is paneled, with a group of square lights at the top, and opens upon a small porch built of stone, with stone posts at either side of the steps. Large wooden pillars stand upon these posts and support the roof which protects the porch. Instead of a parapet, two wooden seats are built along the sides. As it is always the Craftsman idea to make a porch practically an outdoor room of the house, and not a public entrance, the large living porch is at the side of the house and opens with French doors from



the dining room. This has a low parapet of stone with the same arrangement of posts bearing the pillars that support the roof; the floor is of cement. Flower-boxes run from post to post, outlining the parapet.

From the entrance door one enters through a small vestibule into a hall, the end of which is raised by two steps to form a dais-like landing from which the stairs go up to the second story. The area of this landing is calculated for the greatest amount of use. A coat closet fills the space under the stairs and at the side a door leads into a small entry that connects with the kitchen. This gives the maid a direct passage to the front door and also does away with a second flight of stairs because the main stairs may be reached so easily from the kitchen without passing by or through any of the other rooms in the house. A second door placed between the kitchen and the entry does away with any possibility of the odor of cooking penetrating into the hall and the adjoining rooms. The lower hall is prac-

## HOUSES PLANNED FOR COMFORTABLE HOME LIFE



tically an open passage with the billiard room and the living room on either side of it. The ceiling of the living room shows four of the great beams in the house. There is a fireplace with a deep inglenook on either side built below the windows which look out upon the porch. The dining room is separated from the living room by a narrow partition of spindles. A corner of this room is shown in the interior view. One of the interesting features of this room is the commodious built-in side-board, at either end of which is a china closet with cupboards below. This sideboard is planned to meet every need of serving in the dining room, as well as to afford places for keeping the dining-room utensils. The room is wainscoted to the plate rail with V-jointed boards. A swing door, handsomely paneled and set with glass at the top to admit light, leads to the pantry. The billiard room has a big bay window with a seat below and a conveniently placed toilet closet. The arrangements of the kitchen are complete and well placed; there are big closets and also a cold closet containing the icebox, which may be filled from the outside of

CRAFTSMAN STONE  
HOUSE: FIRST  
FLOOR PLAN.

the house. The second story shows four bedrooms and a room for the servants, a sewing room and a bath. French doors open upon the roof of the side porch which, if desired, may be finished with a railing and used as a balcony.

THE second house was designed to be built where field stone was plentiful. The original of the design is being erected in New Jersey on a tract of land which has had to be cleared of old stone fences as well as from the rocks in the soil, and it is consequently costing very little as to material; if this stone had to be quarried, the cost would amount to quite a different sum. This fact, however, is no drawback to the use of the design, which is as simple and direct an answer as we have yet made to the needs of home life in the country. It could be as effectively worked out in brick, or concrete, or terra cotta, and would be beautiful in weathered cedar or with a half-timber construction. The original house is, however, of stone, with heavy lintels of hewn white oak. The roof is covered with a composition roofing, which comes in strips, thirty-six inches wide, and is, in this case, dark red in color, but also may be had in green and slate colors. At the junctures of these strips, over each rafter, a batten of chemically treated cypress is placed. This makes a very effective roofing and the exposed rafters and purlins, aside from the economy in repairs and actual durability that open construction always carries with it, add to the appearance of ruggedness and

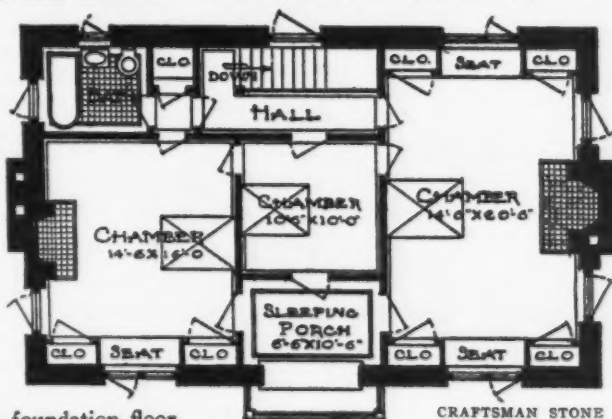
## HOUSES PLANNED FOR COMFORTABLE HOME LIFE

do much to emphasize the solid, permanent character of the architecture. Casement windows are used throughout the house, sometimes placed beside a stationary panel of the same size and sometimes with a fixed panel between two single casements. French doors lead from the dining room and the living room out upon a terrace built with a parapet and posts of stone. The floor is of cement, and cement flower-boxes run from post to post. On the second story a sleeping balcony is finished with a beautiful railing supported from the exposed timbers of the house. This porch, and the two casements on either side, form what is really an exaggerated dormer construction broken through the roof. The rear of the building is shown in the illustration.

The house is entered from the front through a hallway in which three doors lead to the living room, dining room and kitchen, respectively. The interior view shows a corner of the living room. The chimneypiece is built of the same material as the outside walls, thus bringing the exterior into closer harmony with the interior of the house; the fireplace is hooded with a sheet of hammered copper for the purpose of radiating the heat from the open fire. Bookcases, with convenient drawers below, are built in beneath the windows on either side of the chimneypiece. The stairs to the second story go up from the living room, and beneath them a closet, containing toilet arrangements, opens into the hall. The ceiling of the living room is very interesting; all the beams of the construction are left exposed. In the chamber above, a foundation floor of chestnut, the finished surface down,

rests upon these beams. This floor makes the ceiling of the living room, and another flooring is laid upon this, with a deafening quilt between, for benefit of the chamber above.

The dining room is separated from the living room only by a shallow grille running along the ceiling, and the sideboard is built into the room. The kitchen is connected with the dining room by the entry. Upstairs are a bathroom and two large chambers fitted with closets and window-seats; each chamber contains a fireplace. Indeed, in these rooms, as in the lower story, the house seems furnished and hospitably ready to be occupied before the owner has moved in any of his personal possessions. A smaller chamber is connected with the large one on either side of it, and all three open upon the sleeping balcony, half of which is sheltered by the roof,—a welcome arrangement in severe weather,—while the other half is open to the sky. This balcony will be a delightful sitting place both in the daytime and in the evening, and a cool and refreshing scene for bedtime rendezvous. The interior arrangements of this house throughout are noticeably calculated to foster comfort and convenience.



CRAFTSMAN STONE  
HOUSE: SECOND  
FLOOR PLAN.

## A COTTAGE ALONG ENGLISH LINES WITH CERTAIN UNUSUAL TENDENCIES: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

**N**OWHERE do we need the discriminating touch of personality more than in the construction of our homes. The fashioning of our garments though important, is less so, since the coat or gown is not a permanent adjunct; but an idea expressed in wood and stone cannot be cast aside at the advent of a new style; it is with us practically for all time.

We acknowledge theoretically that architecture belongs to the realm of art, yet our acquaintance with it, as embodied in the buildings with which we are most familiar, would lead us to conclude that it is a science of most arbitrary restrictions, wherein certain results must be attained by a limited number of methods, and are capable of being expressed in but a limited

variety of forms. In our cities, this attitude is responsible for interminable rows of houses which, because they contain an

equal number of rooms, exhibit a hackneyed uniformity. If, however, we raise our conception of a home to the plane of the individual, it ceases to be dependent upon the style of a given period and becomes a law unto itself, being the satisfaction of specific needs.

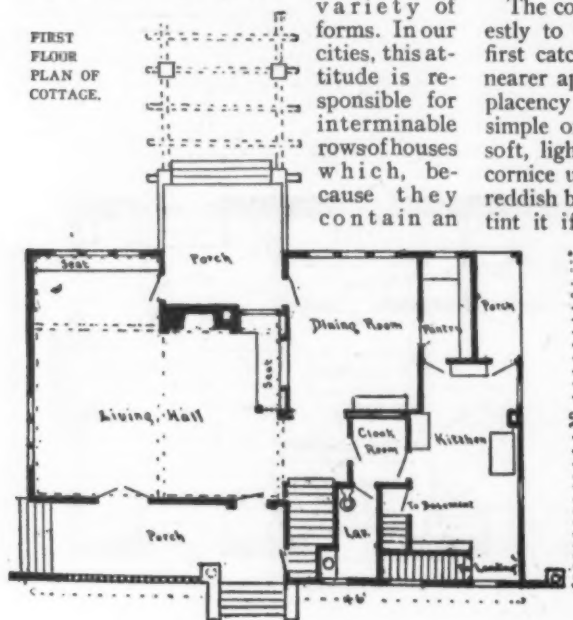
For the sake of sincerity, if for no other reason, the exterior should express what a dwelling stands for, the qualities which combine to make the home. Houses both large and small may have these qualities, but the habitation, large or small, whose outward appearance conveys little besides pretentious ostentation, is in this particular a failure. To the beholder, the building is an inn, a half-way house at which its owner stops between the intervals of business and social functions.

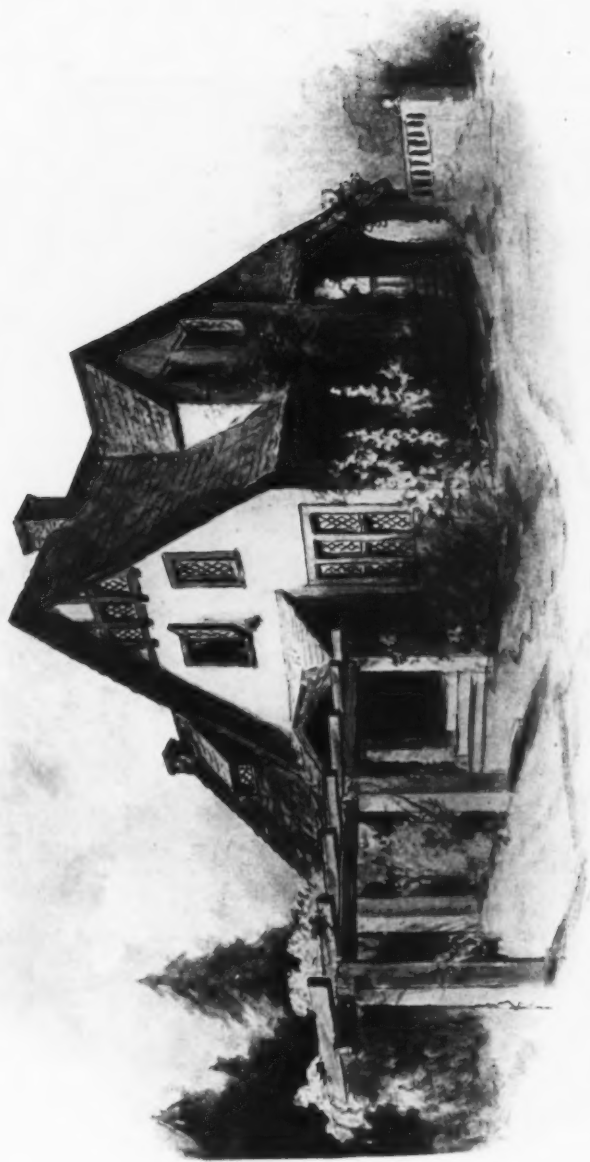
The cottage here illustrated begins modestly to bid for your interest when you first catch sight of its ample roof, and a nearer approach reveals no repelling complacency in the broad, low facade and simple ornamentation. The walls are of soft, light gray plaster. The plain wood cornice under the eaves is stained a deep reddish brown, somewhat as Nature would tint it if we gave her time. This tone

fades to a dull gray-green in the window and door trim, and loses its green to merge into the light gray of the wall near the ground. This treatment avoids the decided, liney effect which woodwork in solid color gives.

It is quite evident from without that the hanging window accommodates the landing of the stairs, and that it is supported by carrying the floor joists beyond the face of the main wall. Its peak is not allowed to break the long

FIRST  
FLOOR  
PLAN OF  
COTTAGE.





*G. H. Ford, Architect*

BACK VIEW OF COTTAGE ALONG ENGLISH  
LINES SHOWING PERGOLA AND USE OF VINES.





FRONT VIEW OF COTTAGE: SHOWING BEAUTIFUL ROOF  
LINES AND PICTURESQUE PLACING OF WINDOWS.  
VIEW OF LIVING HALL WITH FIREPLACE AND COZY  
SEAT TOPPED WITH BOOK SHELVES.

## A COTTAGE ALONG ENGLISH LINES

line of the main roof. The sweep of the roof on the opposite side and the extension of the walls make the gateway of the rear garden and the dividing fence a part of the harmonious whole.

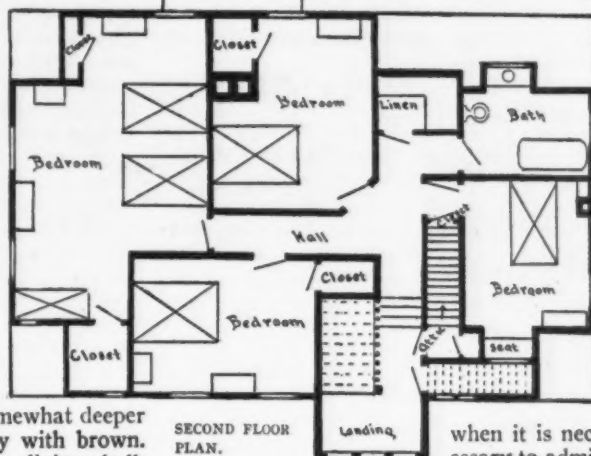
The porch is within the area, only the steps projecting. An interior porch always seems so much more hospitable than an exterior one, and here, the steps at the end suggest that you may find the lady of the house in her garden if the tinkle of the door-bell fails to reach her.

The front door of matched oak planks has more decision of color than in the casing; its green is somewhat deeper and is mellowed attractively with brown.

Direct entrance into the living hall, which occupies about half of the house area, gives an effect of spaciousness much to be desired. The simple fireplace, with its accessories of seat, bookcases and high window, is the feature of the room, as it should be in every climate where "Winter comes, to rule the varied year." The leaded-glass window between sections of the bookcases gives a glimpse of the dining room. This living hall gains much in attractiveness from the situation of windows on three sides of the room, especially the cluster of three at the rear, overlooking the garden. The seat beneath them offers an ideal resting place.

At the right of the entrance, in an alcove, the main stairs ascend to the landing, rendered pleasing by the three diamond-paned casements of the hanging window. Opposite the staircase, the open door to the dining room reveals a charming vista of the room and of the garden beyond, through the three windows at the end. The closed door in the stair alcove (shown in illustration) opens into a cloak room, through which access may be had to the kitchen,

an arrangement most convenient to a mistress without a maid, or to the maid



SECOND FLOOR  
PLAN.

when it is necessary to admit a caller at mealtime. And the situation of the lavatory makes an additional one on the first floor unnecessary.

The rear porch lies partially within the area of the house, and, directly accessible from living hall and dining room, contributes not a little to the charm of each. Protected by screen wire, it is the summer den of the master, the sewing room of the mistress and, when August days grow oppressive, the family dinner is served here in the shade of the vine-roofed pergola.

The columns of the pergola are of concrete, finished with one coat of plaster, the same as the final coat of the building. The soft, light gray is a pleasing contrast to the deep, warm brown of the beams above, and gives an intimate relation to the house. Of like construction are the bases and posts of the balustrade-like fence, but the balusters are wood, four inches square, painted to match base.

The living hall and dining room have paneled wainscoting, and this, with the door and window casings and beam work of ceiling is stained silver-gray. The walls

## A COTTAGE ALONG ENGLISH LINES

of both rooms are soft gray-green. The ceilings are light tan which show a suggestion of gray. The effect is one of quiet neutrality, into which considerable color in furnishings may be introduced without sense of discord.

The ceiling of the living hall is divided into three panels by one cross and one lengthwise beam, and a short beam separates it from the ceiling of the stair alcove. Half beams fill the cove between ceiling and wall, and these half beams continue around stair landing on a line with their position in living hall. The wall of the landing above this line and the walls of the upper hall are the light tan of the ceilings below.

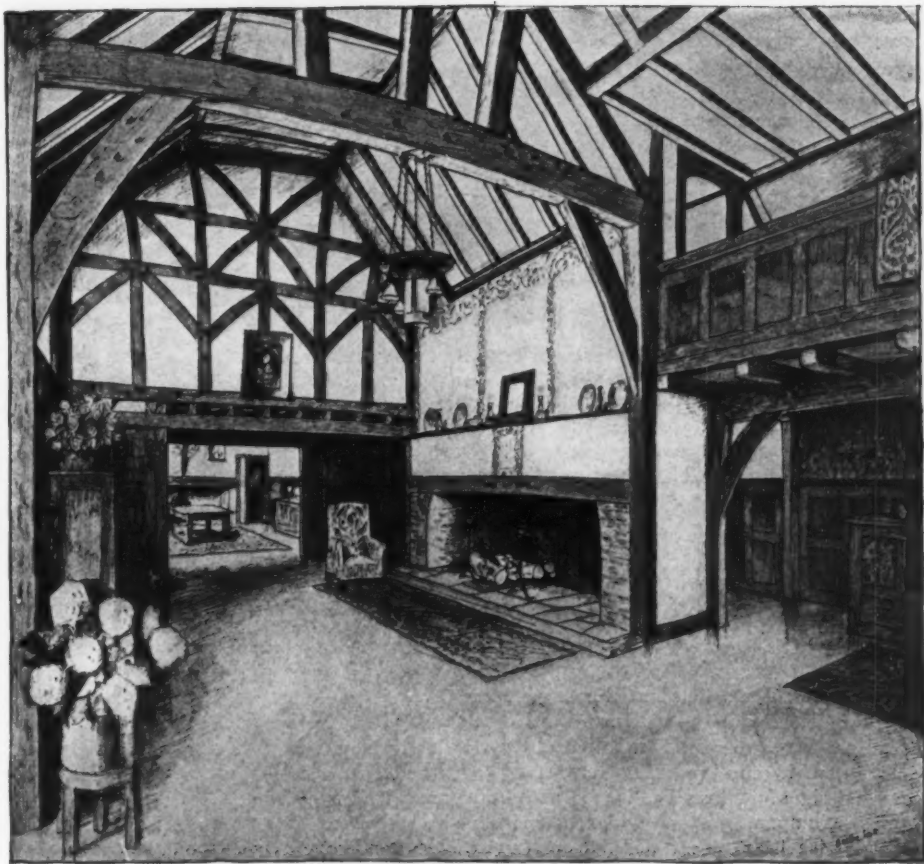
The woodwork of the second story is silver-gray. The double bedroom at the end of the hall has a soft, yellow-brown wall. The front bedroom is in light terra cotta, while the room directly in evidence at the head of the stairs, carries forward the gray-green of the walls below. The remaining bedroom has the greenish blue tone known as Gobelin blue. In selecting the tint for each room, the effect of the whole has been considered.

Casement windows are used throughout the second story. The outward swinging casement must have been the early conception of what a window should be, and the wonder is that the modern window has departed from this form. No other sort is so simple and so charming in effect, no other so fully meets the requirements of ventilation. True, it lacks the outer, stop molding, supposed to exclude the chill winter winds, but it also lacks the center joint through which these same chill winds find ready entrance. Only those who have experienced it know the delight of opening the entire window to the coveted summer breeze. With the recent improvements in hardware, facilitating its operation, the casement window should come into more general use.

Diamond-mesh leaded glass has been used freely in this house, with most satisfactory result. The sash including glass is but a trifle more expensive than small-paned glazed sash. Where the view is to be considered, the lead lines are less objectionable than the wood bars, and the glass is much more easily cleaned, but the strongest argument in their favor is that, where not necessary to exclude the light, draperies may be omitted, for a leaded window never looks bare. Indeed, the effect is often better without than with curtains, and their absence is a material saving of time and labor to the housekeeper in cleansing and expense in replenishing the hangings, a consideration to the busy woman.

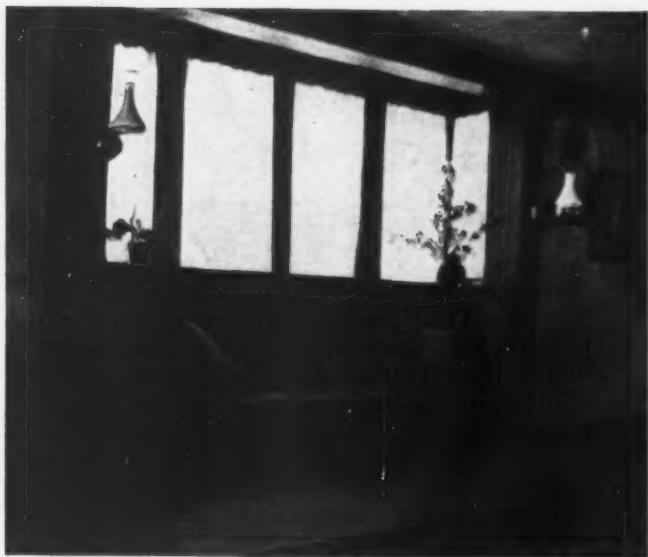
Not least among the conveniences is the ample provision of individual closets and a roomy linen closet from the passage to bathroom. In addition to these, there is an attic, which, though rather low (being about eight feet in the center), furnishes considerable floor space. The clustered windows in front and rear gables give abundant light, and if the grown-up folks of the family find no better use for it than that of storage for trunks and dilapidated furniture, to the small members, as a playroom, it is a joy forever.

When a house provides so thoroughly for the needs and comforts of those who live in it, it rarely fails to show a pleasant aspect to the passerby. As garments take on the look of their wearer, a house is colored by the life within it and seems to exude the individual atmosphere of the family it shelters which often seems to hang about it long after the family itself has gone. The house is a body in which dwells a family,—its soul,—and since we are allowed to build these bodies for ourselves, what is the need to make meaningless husks of what might be lovely indexes of the life of the souls that will animate them?



*Courtesy of John Lane Company*

ENTRANCE HALL OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME:  
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT.



TWO VIEWS OF THE HOME OF MR. HENRY TALBOT,  
EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., OF WHICH THE OWNER WAS  
DESIGNER, ARCHITECT AND SUPERVISOR.



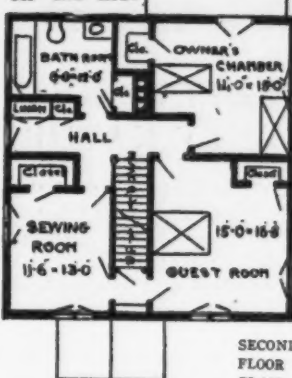
## A HOUSE OF WHICH THE OWNER WAS THE ARCHITECT, CONTRACTOR AND SUPERVISOR

THE house in the accompanying illustration is of particular interest because it is the work, mainly, of one man, Mr. Henry Talbot, of East St. Louis, Illinois, who was his own architect, contractor and supervisor. The site was chosen with regard to an old elm tree whose branches shade the screened porch at the rear of the house and give a refreshing outlook.

The basement walls and those of the first story are built of concrete blocks. The second story is a frame construction, diagonally boarded over and protected with waterproof felting. Outside of this is metal lathing covered with pebble-

dashed plaster; the roof is of red cement tiles. Thus the house is proof against heat and cold and will require very little repairing for years. The windows, open on the first

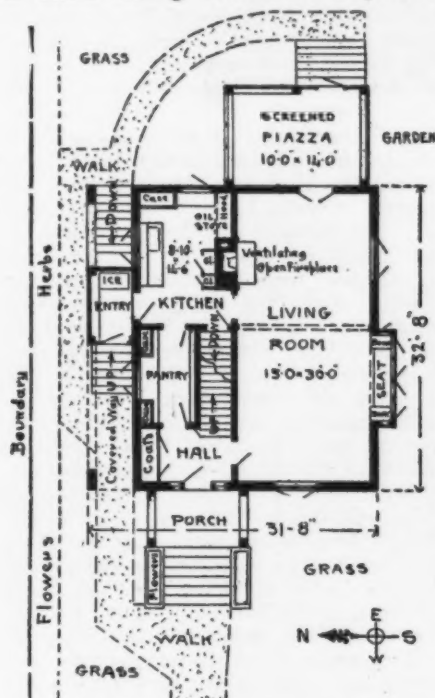
to come. All are casing outward story and inward on the second. The perspective shows the house only from the rear view. The interior was planned for the comfort and use of those who were to live in it and offers the minimum amount of trouble to the



one in charge of the housework.

The living room runs along the entire southern side of the first story and is fifteen by thirty feet. It is finished with cypress stained an oak brown; the woodwork takes its color tone from a photograph of Millet's "Shepherdess" that fills a panel across the chimneypiece. The doors are of Wisconsin ash and the floors of the hall and living room are maple. The walls are sand-finished plaster tinted a gray-green and the curtains are of plain unbleached cotton. The whole color scheme is restful and satisfying. At the rear of this room is a screened porch ten by fourteen feet which opens directly from it, and this porch, or the rear end of the room, is used for a dining room.

The house is well planned and has given entire satisfaction to its owner because it fulfils the essential of every true home,—fitness for the life that is led within it. It shows too that the instinct of home-building, which is born in every man.



MR. TALBOT'S HOME: FIRST FLOOR PLAN SHOWING GROUNDS AND GARDEN.



## ART NEEDLEWORK FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: BY KATHRINE SANGER BRINLEY

**A**RT of the needle, like art of the brush, was from the twelfth to the sixteenth century chiefly religious in character. After that, and into our own times, symbols of the Christian faith so prevalently used until then gave place more and more to secular designs. To many of us it has seemed that with the waning of religious influence in the arts and crafts came a waning of worth in the art produced, until we of the twentieth century with our heritage of skepticism must perforce in our craving for the real and the beautiful reach back to those ages when men sang hymns at anvil and bench and painted upon their knees. As the Church has always been a patron of the arts, some of their highest achievement is found in that which was done for her glory. Of ornamental needlework this is particularly true. The numerous vestments and hangings used in the Church's service gave even more scope to the needleworker than to the artist of brush and pigments. So it is that the student of embroidery seeks in ecclesiastical treasures of the Renaissance the best expression of mastery in this ancient craft.

The cope, during a certain period of history, was the richest and most elaborately worked of all priestly vestments. In England where it is part of the state apparel of kings and nobles as well as of bishops and priests it has both secular and ecclesiastical character. In the Church it is the

especial vestment for high festivals and solemn ceremonies.

Alessandro Bonvicino of Brescia was an artist who delighted in carefully portraying the stuffs and vestments of his time—1498-1547. His gentle devotional spirit expressed itself chiefly in portraits of religious characters. Most of his work is to be found in his native city, but Venice, Paris, Frankfurt and Vienna possess important canvases by his hand. A certain subdued richness and the peace of contemplation are always found in his pictures, and are as unforgettable as the ideality of the Golden Renaissance which attained a full expression in certain of his works. The picture here reproduced hangs today, with a companion, in the Louvre. St. Bonaventura, it will be recalled, was the great scholar of the Franciscans, and next to St. Francis himself was their greatest saint. He is shown beside St. Louis, that saintly king of France who built the inimitable Sainte Chapelle. While the wise and holy Italian was completing his studies in Paris he was greatly honored by this crusading king. St. Bonaventura, at thirty-five, General of his Order of St. Francis; at fifty, Bishop of Albano and a Cardinal—was the most distinguished ecclesiastic at the great Council of Lyons in 1274, at which he made the opening address and shortly after which he died. The beautiful dignity of face and figure here given to St. Bonaventura by



ST. DONAVENTURA AND ST. LOUIS: BY ALESSANDRO  
BONVICINO: (LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY).



EMBROIDERY REPRODUCED FROM THE ROBE OF ST. BONAVENTURA IN  
AN EARLY ITALIAN PAINTING: THE DESIGN IS MOUNTED ON A  
MODERN FRAME TO SHOW THE EXACT METHOD OF WORKING:  
THE COLORS USED ARE GREEN, BLUE, GOLD AND APRICOT.

## EMBROIDERY DESIGN FROM ITALIAN PAINTERS

Bonvicino, the fervent piety and deep intelligence make one instinctively feel that artist and saint had spiritual kinship. In this picture St. Bonaventura is represented with the symbols of his character and office. Over the Franciscan habit he wears a richly decorated cope. The staff and miter of his bishopric are here; and in his right hand lies a book, sign of his great learning. His exceeding humility is called to mind by the Host which St. Louis bears, for legend says that Bonaventura feared to receive the sacrament, counting himself unworthy, and that it was brought to him by an angel. The king is here lost in the simple Franciscan. The coloring of the original is very lovely: a soft and luminous gray, and blue and yellow, with a note of wonderful green. Charming from many points of view, this picture is particularly so to the student of needlework, for in the cope portrayed there is a clear statement of principles essential to true decorative design and right embroidery. The decoration of this robe is so entirely what it would have been had a well-trained needleworker planned it that one can scarcely feel it originated in a painter's brush. It is easier to believe Bonvicino copied a cope which was used perhaps in the Church of his daily devotion. Only the choice of fleur-de-lis as the decorative unit for the body of the vestment points to selection by the artist; for as the symbol of France it is most fitting here in honor of St. Louis. But tell me how a mere man busied with brushes and pigments, could know of the kinship of outline and appliqué? What happy chance would be



WORKING DESIGN FOR OLD ITALIAN EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

happy enough to cause his brush to produce in flowing line a pattern that cord could follow with scarcely a break or joining? Would his painting of faces, "full of animation and somewhat of the manner of Raffaello" as Vasari puts it, teach him how to properly subdue a living vine to a space in which art must rule? Yet look at the grape pattern given: Is it not planned for the needleworker, and according to the laws of design? (Needless to say it has been as faithfully reproduced from the picture as was possible.) Embroidery has not at all times and in all places been woman's work. Yet it seems doubtful that in 1525 beautiful Brescia resting at the foot of the Alps, and sweet with the music



## EMBROIDERY DESIGN FROM ITALIAN PAINTERS

of many fountains, made needleworkers of her men. So we must take this pictured cope, with its ornament of orphrey and ground, as a faithful likeness of one that in those storied days existed. How satisfying is the contrast between the flowing lines of this border pattern and the ordered pauses, so to speak, which the finely spaced fleurs-de-lis attain! These latter, not embroidered, but expressed in the broader language of appliqué, produce a simple and dignified effect in key with the spirit of the picture. Outlined with two strands of the same gold thread used in the border and likewise couched, a flat effect is gained and the colors of ground and pattern separated, so that seen at a distance, as most of such vestments were of necessity, no blurring of the decorative features might result. This applied design outlined so fittingly, set over against the outlined design which might if desired be appliqué, produces a beautiful balance, and thus fulfils a law of ornament in needlework. After a sixteenth-century manner the orphrey, or decorated band which passes around the neck and down each side of the cope, is in this case wide. In the painting it is of a warm yellow, against which the couched gold of the grape design gleams out, is lost and gleams again. The vine is, of course, a symbol of Christ, and also of the Sacrament of the Altar; here it has an added significance as calling to mind the legend of the Host brought to St. Bonaventura by an angel. While entirely suited to couching, this design would be beautiful in back stitching or chain stitch, and would suitably ornament a variety of articles. The embroidery shown is worked as nearly as possible in the colors and materials indicated in the painting, so the grape pattern is wrought in a single strand of rather heavy Japanese gold thread, couched down with stitches of single filo, a pinkish yellow, to a ground of warm yellow pongee. The ground of the cope being a soft greenish blue, satin of that shade was chosen for its reproduc-

tion, upon which the fleurs-de-lis were appliquéd. These last were cut from a corded silk as near that wonderful green before mentioned as possible; needless to say no twentieth-century department store yielded up the sixteenth-century color. The different effect produced by the same silk laid in two different directions may be seen by noting the end of the embroidered orphrey. A narrow piece of the pongee was placed crosswise at the end of the band. This fact, which should always be considered in choosing the direction of stitches, is imperative in appliqué. A certain direction for the warp should be chosen for certain parts of the design, and held to throughout the work. Appliqué is not inferior needlework, but a broad and simple method of obtaining results which stitching is incapable of producing. Appliqué embroidery of this period which has come down to us today shows unmistakably how beautiful are the effects that may be obtained by its employment. Outline, which we all see sadly squandered on trivial patterns, is in reality a venerable and worthy method of ornamenting textile surfaces. Its one demand is that the pattern shall be significant,—beautiful in line. The relationship between outline and appliqué needs no explanation.

When the ground to be ornamented with appliqué is of firmly-woven linen or silk, this is stretched in a frame without any backing. But if a certain stiffness or body is required in the finished article, a piece of linen is first stretched in the frame and then covered evenly with a paste of wheat starch, or photograph mountant; the material itself is next laid upon it, and stroked with a soft clean cloth until it adheres evenly, when it is left to dry. In another frame the material out of which the applied pattern is to be cut is mounted in the same way, or it may be stretched itself, without any backing, and then tissue paper evenly coated with paste padded down upon the back. When both frames are thoroughly dry the whole pattern is traced

## IMPRESSIONISTIC WOOD CARVING

upon the one, and the parts to be cut out upon the linen or paper back of the other. It will be remembered that what is traced upon the wrong side of the material will show reversed upon the right. These parts may be again pasted on the back and fixed accurately into their respective places upon the ground; or they may simply be pinned, the pins being stuck straight through the material, and then fixed firmly with tacking stitches planned to be removed after the outlining of the parts is finished, or to be concealed by the outlining. If the parts are pasted, it is well to do it quickly and then place the frame so that only the silk is supported; having laid a few sheets of smooth paper upon the face of the work, cover with a board and weights that the whole may dry smoothly.

In a Renaissance altar frontal, embroidered entirely in outline and appliqué the applied parts were outlined with thick strands of floss the color of the ground, across which straight stitches of twisted silk the same color were laid to couch it

and the parts to the body of the frontal. Then inside this edging a cord of gold was couched. This is an interesting and effective framing suitable to the design given, though it is shown simply outlined with the two gold threads couched together as being rather more harmonious with the couched gold of the grape-vine border, and closer to the original in the picture. Chain stitch is excellent for outlining appliqué. The favorite and best means, however, is couched cord, of whatever size or material so that it is suited to the pattern.

Of ancient origin, and extensively employed in ages before materials for elaborate satin-stitch embroidery were obtainable, appliqué has always held an honorable place in the realm of embroidery, and is to the modern needleworker a method of much artistic value for the enrichment of textile surfaces. It demands a neat-handed worker and a significant design; which latter goes far toward eliminating that characteristic of so much modern embroidery—triviality.

## IMPRESSIONISTIC EFFECTS IN WOOD CARVING: A NEW DEPARTURE IN THIS OLD CRAFT

**T**HE CRAFTSMAN has become much interested in the wood-carving of Mrs. Emily Butterworth because it seems to be a clear interpretation of the universal principles that underlie the true products of every branch of art. Mrs. Butterworth's work is in very low relief; she may be said rather to decorate wood than to make wood into decoration. The designs in every case are so related to the material, to the actual grain and veining of it, and so thoroughly do the wood and the design belong together that, at first glance, the eye does not always grasp the fact that it looks at anything more than unusually beautiful wood. At a second glance the grain is seen to be deepened in places, the veinings appear to

be connected, and the eye, with the delight of beauty and of surprise, follows a design unfolding itself as naturally as a flower.

The table shown in the illustration Mrs. Butterworth made for herself because she wanted a table that she could bring up very close to her, and of that particular size. The decorating was a secondary although an inevitable matter because, in her creed, everything must be as decorative as is consistent with its utility. Accordingly she bowed the legs to give plenty of room for her knees beneath the table top and varied the curve to give it interest. When she came to carve the wood the shape of the little projection made by the meeting of the two curves suggested the tip of a lily leaf; other

## IMPRESSIONISTIC WOOD CARVING

peculiarities in the wood strengthened this idea, and a lily design it was. The table is among the earliest pieces of her work and, although it suggests Art Nouveau, it was executed long before that movement set in, and from a different standpoint.

Mrs. Butterworth's carving is the joyous fulfilment of a creative desire unalloyed by any thought other than the wish for expression, and the spontaneity is unhampered by any difficulty of technique because that has been mastered. She uses but six tools, because she says that one can become more familiar with six tools used constantly than one could ever be with dozens used only at special times; and a workman must not be conscious of his tools. Consequently Mrs. Butterworth, through the perfect knowledge of the mediums through which she works, is able to execute with a common tool the effects for which special tools are frequently used. She draws no design, but carves out what she sees in the wood. Sometimes, to be sure of its proportions, she cuts her idea out in paper before she begins the actual carving, but, primarily, it is the wood and the use of the article that determine the nature of the design and its arrangement.

A true work of art is its own excuse for being; too often we find that the decorator,—forgetting that everything has its own peculiar beauty inherent in its fitness for its purpose, and that in the often-quoted words of Socrates, "a dung basket is beautiful for carrying dung,"—loses sight of his aim of making a useful article also beautiful and encumbers its utility with a work of art.

Mrs. Butterworth never makes this mistake. The use to which the article she decorates is to be put, she finds one of the greatest incentives to her imagination and skill. The quality that she appreciates in her own work, aside from the pleasure that it gives her to do it, is that it does not catch the dust. The long, clean spaces that rest the eye and whose arrangement gives an especial definiteness and

charm to the design,—for Mrs. Butterworth's work is interesting for what she has left untouched as well as for what she has carved,—further recommend themselves to her as very easy to take care of. This preservation of utility, she feels is a great point in her work. "What is the meaning of furniture so elaborately decorated that the dust is always lodging in the crevices? Such carving should be under a glass case, not used every day. It is a good principle in everything. When my friends ask me why I have my morning dresses made like a housemaid's, I say that it is because in the morning I am a housemaid, for I take care of my own studio. Everything, from furniture to dress, should recognize the necessity of being fit for its use and for the conditions upon which it depends."

It is interesting to note that one of the leading New York architects has said that to do vital and original work, one must have the inspiration of limitations and conditions. They are the premises and, when understood and arranged, the result, whatever it may be, is only the logical and necessary conclusion. A thing is original because it bears the stamp of its origin and the conditions that gave rise to it.

One of the most interesting pieces of Mrs. Butterworth's work is the panel intended for a chimneypiece, which is shown in the illustration. The center is a copper tile representing a Mediaeval knight on horseback. This is framed in oak of unusually beautiful grain, fine and regular, and fumed with ammonia to blend in coloring with the tile. This wood is carved with a forest slightly conventionalized,—a fit romantic setting for the armored knight. The design is essentially simple, but she has imparted a certain element of mysterious depth to the forest that one finds oftener in a picture than in wood-carving. Indeed, Mrs. Butterworth's work seems to belong in a realm of its own, nicely balanced between pictorial art and the art of wood-carving.



TABLE CARVED BY MRS. BUTTERWORTH: WITH LILY  
DESIGN SUGGESTED BY THE STRUCTURE ITSELF.

SO THOROUGHLY DO THE DESIGN AND WOOD  
BELONG TOGETHER IN THIS CHEST THAT THE  
IDEA OF CARVING IS NOT AT ONCE SUGGESTED.



THE USE TO WHICH THE ARTICLE IS TO BE  
PUT IS THE INCENTIVE FOR DECORATION  
IN MRS. BUTTERWORTH'S CARVING.

SIMPLE CHARACTERISTIC DESIGN FOR CARV-  
ING AN OAK PANEL, WITH THE CENTRAL  
TILE IN COPPER.





## NATURE AS THE MASTER BUILDER OF CHARACTER

**T**HIS is the season of the year when, as John Muir says, "Nature seems to be holding a convention." What indeed could any existence, present or future, hold more serene, yet more intoxicating, than life in the country, where Nature has been adjusted to man's needs and comforts, and where man has learned that the biggest lessons in life, the greatest opportunity for the development of character, are near the earth; for there honesty is the price of a living and the fakir himself is the sole sufferer from his trickery. Truly from the moment you smell the earth under the plow your compact of honesty with Nature begins. You play fair or Nature revenges herself. For a poor seed she gives you a weakling plant; for soil neglected and unenriched she offers you the just return in straggling crops. If your furrows are choked with weeds your own vegetables have no room to grow and develop, and there is no drink or food for the corn and peas. There is only justice down in the Earth, no sentiment, no canniness, no long-suffering patience, only justice; "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." You cannot give Nature decoy seeds and fool her into a rich harvest; you cannot withhold the proper nourishment and get the return you are seeking. And again, having received good crops in proportion to honest labor, your sales can be only of the best from your fields. There

is no second-rate dealing possible, no market for inferior produce. Your reputation is made by your own fine standards. For your own sake you can't pretend. All along the line there is a demand for honest dealing. And the man who deals honestly in business is establishing an honest point of view toward life.

Yet we do not wish to be misunderstood as making a plea for country life only, as condemning all metropolitan existence; for our cities have, in our present scheme of civilization, become the market-places of the country, necessary to our growth as a nation, and to our livelihood as individuals. The farmer needs Broadway, just as Broadway needs the farmer. In reality they are links of one chain, and the real tragedy is not in the whirl of Broadway or the sometime isolation of the farm, but that any life other than business should be spent within city walls; especially that all growing life, all youth at least, should not be lived near Nature, knowing her beauty, learning her honesty. For our characters are builded not so much from our intentions as through our environment. We learn from habit rather than precept, and looking at the question fairly, forgetting all the charm and fascination of some phases of metropolitan existence, just what chance is there for the growing boy and girl to understand the big vital fundamental realities of life except through their

## ALS IK KAN

own experience lived close to life itself? Where else can they learn of the real relation of existence to toil, of the independence which is found in meeting the whimsical moods of Nature, of the bearing of vicissitudes, of our adjustment to conditions not yet adapted to anæmic civilization? How shall our children grow in physical and moral fiber without a knowledge of the problems Nature offers them, through the resistance and overcoming of which they gain strength and insight? What greater teacher of morality can our youth find than, as has already been said, Nature herself, who meets courage and honesty halfway, and punishes unscrupulous dealings with stern impartiality? What more serene, more adequate standard can a child have to live by than this one which must be met daily in the cultivating of the soil, and what greater reward than the lavishness of Nature when she opens up her heart in response to human sincerity and intelligence?

And as one ponders on these questions one wonders what could be better for us and our children than a return to the land, than a purpose to build our homes out on the hillsides and plant pleasant gardens about them, to build homes adapted to the slope of the land and the trees on the land, and adjusted to the needs and purposes of the lives we intend to live in them. If we need the city in the scheme of our existence we can go to it daily or weekly, but we need not establish our lives in the prison walls of a few rooms without chance to work in our gardens, rest in sight of the sunset, sleep out on our porches in sweet night air and watch the coming of the spring and feel the exhilaration of winter. This much of Nature we feel entitled to, regardless of some of the difficulties to be overcome.

Naturally, we remember the stories of suburban living, with accounts of acres of ugly empty lots, cheap uncomfortable houses, insufficient heat, bad plumbing, inconvenient house arrangement, and all

more or less true, and we recall also the wail of the housekeeper on the servant question. And we realize that American suburban life in the past has been sadly marred by the real estate man heedless of beauty, by the builder heedless of comfort, by the housewife heedless of her opportunity to create pleasant original home conditions by which she could overcome the problems of rural living, developing through her achievement and becoming a part of the progress which is inevitable in future country life in America. For wherever there are great problems, there are also great opportunities for growth, whether the problem is learning to adjust oneself to Nature's honest simple ways, learning to create the right sort of home for oneself and family, or learning to interpret Nature, until her ways seem beautiful, wise and instructive.

Whatever we do not understand presents problems to us. We are afraid of strange lands; we are uncertain with alien folk. Over the hills and fields of our own country we walk with confidence. We know her ways and trust her. The land that a lad has known intimately he returns to at any period of his life with joyous confidence, as one seeking a trusty friend. But what of those of us who have been barred when little from knowledge and companionship with all the sweet friendliness of Nature, with what hesitation and nervousness we return; we do not know how to interpret her message, how to get the best good from her health-giving winds, where to find our food, how to build our shelter. Her book is open to us, but we have forgotten or never learned to read her message. But for our own sake, and lest our children should repeat our failures, we cannot go back too soon and study with her and work with her, and discover her bounteousness and become one with her with all possible courage and confidence and haste. Find the right hill slope or meadow land, think about the right way of getting a home that

## NOTES: REVIEWS

belongs thereon, build according to your taste and money, and furnish the home with due regard to the utmost beauty and the least possible work. Plan to live there every possible hour, let your children begin now to live there, let them help build the house they are to live in and to plant the land they are to live from. Let them all unconsciously study Nature and grow wise and happy and strong and honest. And so far as possible you yourself do what they are doing, win back Nature's confidence and become one with her for your own sake and the sake of the world's growth.

### NOTES

**A**LTHOUGH the exhibitions of foreign pictures from Spain and Germany formed the three most widely advertised climaxes of the New York art season, yet, to those who followed the galleries closely, the remarkable execution and originality of the work exhibited by American artists has been the really significant feature in one of the most brilliant art seasons that New York has ever known. It is also a matter of note that America is slowly warming to a keener appreciation of art and of the genius of its native artists.

At present, although we have been slow in recognizing the fact, we can claim for our landscape men the leading place in the world in that branch of art. England and Italy are doing very little in any line of painting; Germany is notoriously weak on landscape work; the French schools have become riotously impressionistic, and the landscape work of Spain has been largely imitative rather than original. American artists alone seem to have retained a healthy respect for Nature which enables them to represent all her moods as they really pass without twisting them into meanings symbolic of their own emotions. It will be profitable and encouraging to run through in brief review what the

leading galleries have been offering this past season in their exhibitions of American artists.

The Macbeth Gallery opened November tenth with an exhibition of paintings by Howard Pyle, one of the strongest and ablest of American decorative painters. Many of the subjects were familiar, having been reproduced in the magazines of the preceding year. The originals showed even more clearly Mr. Pyle's color sense and feeling for the dramatic. This exhibit was followed by the paintings of Charles Melville Dewey. Mr. Dewey is one of the most satisfactory interpreters of American landscape. There is always a luminous, poetic quality in his work, no matter whether the scheme of color he uses be the delicate greens of his "Dawn" or the deep rich browns of "Romney Marshes."

The exhibition that followed this was a revelation to those who had not been following the development of our sculptors. The bronzes shown were carefully selected chiefly from the works of the younger artists. Abastenia Eberle, Janet Scudder, and Arthur Putnam contributed some of the most interesting work.

Forty selected paintings by American artists marked the next important date at Macbeth's. Nearly half the work was from the hands of the newer and less established artists. Through Mr. Macbeth's sincere appreciation and insight we were introduced, some of us for the first time, to the work of Albert P. Lucas and his unusual abilities as a colorist. Mr. Tack, of the older artists, had a very successful figure piece called "The Dance." The gallery was next filled with the breezy, vigorous landscapes of Henry W. Ranger. The effect of Mr. Ranger's type of work and splendid composition at the American Exhibit in London this summer is much anticipated by the lovers of art here.

Four seasons ago no one knew much about Paul Dougherty. He is apparently one of those who come upon the stage only to take the center. Such a place this artist

## NOTES: REVIEWS

has held for some three seasons in American art. His previous exhibits had been entirely marines, and this fact brought him the charge of lacking versatility. The exhibit that opened on February fifth dissipated that accusation forever.

After this vigorous work Mr. Macbeth varied our artistic diet by a display of the work of Arthur B. Davies. Whatever may be said of Mr. Davies's figure drawing, the backgrounds of his pictures merit a high degree of praise. His landscapes express a quality which we rarely find interpreted and which may best be called the inhumanity of Nature.

One of the most interesting displays of the season was the work of five artists. Blendon Campbell and Kenneth Miller were the new men in the group and their work was interesting and full of promise. Hawthorne, as usual, was rather unattractive in subject, but also, as usual, virile and fine in his expression. Robert Henri showed a characteristically fine Spanish portrait, "El Tango," and a bust portrait, "Dancer of Seville," which was strong in brush work and color. George Luks in his "Woman with Macaw" was somewhat theatrical, but the picture was beautifully painted. "In the Cellar" was so truthful as to be amusing. The work of Louis Loeb which followed showed two remarkably different grades in the artist's ability. The portraits were in every case striking and strongly done, but the landscapes were characterless. The latest exhibit of Boston artists left much to be desired.

The Montross Gallery opened with the annual display of water colors and pastels, always anticipated by lovers of work in this medium. John La Farge showed a group of water colors rich in brilliancy and color. Mr. Lathrop's "Cornfield in October" was one of the best of his recent pictures. George Clements had a splendid marine and William Chase exhibited two Shinnecock landscapes with figures, very atmospheric and forceful. A. Phimister

Proctor showed a water color, "Doe and Fawns," and the following week exhibited a collection of water colors and sculpture, both showing direct and sincere treatment.

The "Buffalo Head" and the "Crouching Panther" were the most familiar pieces to the general public. This exhibit and that of the sculpture at the Macbeth Gallery were distinctly encouraging signs of our progress in this branch of art. Pictures by Childe Hassam next occupied the gallery. Several pictures of Gloucester and Provincetown were included in this exhibit and the first few of the Western landscapes sent on from Oregon. Hassam was followed by a charming collection of Willard Metcalf's pictures, and one not so charming by Howard Cushing. Paintings and pastels by Dwight Tryon and T. W. Dewing were the next displays and were most enthusiastically received. Alexander Schilling showed himself most versatile in the collection of oils, water colors, dry-points and etchings that he displayed during the last of February. His water colors are sympathetic and his chalk work is remarkably strong.

Perhaps the most brilliant exhibit at the Montross Galleries was that of Horatio Walker. The canvases showed the artist at different periods in his career and in each period his work is strong and vivid. Mr. Walker is one of the few *genre* painters of America and, for that reason, as well as for the beauty of his color and the brilliancy of his technique his work is a valuable contribution to American art.

The work of the Ten American Painters was more than usually admirable. A second exhibit of Childe Hassam followed this and was particularly interesting when taken in connection with the first exhibit of this artist, as it contained the pictures resulting from the entire season spent in Oregon. Mr. Hassam showed a wonderful ability in portraying the atmosphere and color of these high altitudes. The exhibit also contained several marine sunsets, which were remarkably fine. After



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the display of Mr. Hassam's work several pictures were shown by request; among them was that wonderful little painting of Albert P. Ryder's entitled "Moonlight."

The first showing of American work at Knoedler's was a collection of miniatures by Laura Hills of Boston. This branch of art is one of the most difficult and one in which a high degree of excellence is rarely reached. Miss Hills ranks among the foremost of our miniature painters. The paintings of Frederic Remington attracted a great deal of attention, particularly his scenes from Western life, where he is at his best. His work was even more dramatic than of old and his color from year to year grows more intimate to the Western landscape, and, so, more inevitable. The exhibit of sculpture by Henry Clews, Jr., was a surprise to many who had little idea that this artist had taken up sculpture. His subjects were all interesting and showed an unusual handling. Col. Anthony Dyer's exhibit of water colors met with its usual warm reception. His work is always sympathetic, with rare tonal and atmospheric effects. This was followed by a display of animal pictures by Percival Rousseau, French in name only, the first exhibit of this artist in his native land, although he holds an established and honored position in France. We have had no animal painter since the days of A. F. Tait, and his work lacked the knowledge of technique and the intuition found in Mr. Rousseau's sporting scenes. There is a quality of sureness in the work of Wilhelm Funk which adds a powerful charm to his brilliantly painted and delightfully posed portraits. His exhibit at Knoedler's this season was enthusiastically attended and was among the most interesting of the portrait exhibits. His picture of Ann Seton is one of the most exquisite child portraits that has been seen for many a day in any country. The display of Mr. Sargent's water colors made along the Mediterranean coast and a number of water colors by Edward Boit followed.

Mr. Boit's work is delicate and picturesque and, naturally, suffered in such close contrast with the vividness of Mr. Sargent's work. The sketches of the latter showed his ability to handle strong lights and colors and were undoubtedly valuable to the student of art. To the layman the display meant little other than a mass of color and confused outline. A display of the recent and past work of John La Farge followed the Sargent-Boit exhibit.

The first exhibit of portraiture included six portraits by T. Mortimer Lichtenauer. They were strongly painted and well posed. The second exhibit was by Elizabeth Gowdy Baker. Mrs. Baker works in water color on a paper canvas; her portraits are sincere and excellent likenesses of her sitters. Edwin B. Childs's portraits were all good likenesses and gracefully posed. Miss Peterson's work was very strongly done with rare vigor of technique. There were several landscapes in the exhibit, but her figure work was much the finer.

One of the latest exhibits was that of the Woman's Art Club. Some hundred canvases of varying excellence were hung. Eugene Higgins displayed a collection of his dry-points and etchings at the Keppel Galleries. In this phase of his work, as in his paintings, Mr. Higgins handles his subjects chosen from the poor and destitute of many cities in a way that reaches the hearts of the public.

The National Arts Club held an international exhibit of pictorial photography early in the season. It was very successful and was well supplied with foreign contributions. The English and American work possessed the greatest general excellence and showed a marked improvement upon the work of last year. During the first of March John W. Alexander displayed a splendid collection of his paintings. Some of the best were represented only in photographs, but as a whole, the exhibit gave a most satisfactory view of the work of this master of technique and



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flowing line. The Members' Spring Exhibition was somewhat conglomerate and inharmonious, taken as a whole. Anna Winegar showed two landscapes very atmospheric and delicate in color. Roland Perry exhibited an interesting portrait of Mrs. Daussa and a remarkable portrait-bust in marble of Mr. I. S. Waterman. This was awarded the first prize in sculpture. The design for a table fountain by Janet Scudder showed the accustomed spirit and grace found in all her work. The Arts and Crafts were also well represented.

The Little Gallery of the Photo-Secessionists has exhibited a series of unique and interesting collections. First came the exhibition of members' work, which was, as usual, remarkable throughout for the originality and interest of the work. Among the finest photographs was that entitled "Old Trinity," by Eduard J. Steichen, and a portrait of Rudyard Kipling, by Sydney Carter. A later exhibit showed a series of caricatures of prominent Americans in society, art and literature, by Marius De Zayas. The artist has a complete mastership of his technique and, although each sketch was composed of but a few sweeping brush lines, the amount of character expressed was nothing short of wonderful. His satire is based on a deep and broad knowledge of human weaknesses and virtues. This exhibit was not enthusiastically received, in spite of the reputation that Americans have for being able to understand a joke on themselves. Later Alvin Langdon Coburn showed an interesting collection of photographs, with some wonderful effects in light and motion. A remarkable foreign exhibit of photographs by Baron A. De Meyer was followed by the drawings of Pamela Colman Smith. Whistler once remarked of Miss Smith's work that she did not know how to draw, but did not need to. Her drawings and her color work show extraordinary imagination and artistic conception.

The next work exhibited was from Al-

fred Maurer and John Marin, a collection of striking sketches in oil. This was followed by Eduard Steichen's photographs of Rodin's Balzac. This exhibit of eight pictures taken on two nights during the full moon in October of last year show very clearly how adaptable a medium of expression photography really is. The last picture exhibit of the season is from the brush of Marsden Hartley; the paintings are in oil and belong to the impressionistic school of art. They are chiefly of the mountains of Maine; the winter scenes are especially impressive. This exhibit will be followed by a fine group of Japanese prints shown until June second, from the collection of F. W. Hunter.

Although it is impossible to give any full description of the merits of the work exhibited during the past season, and equally impossible to take into account the innumerable club exhibitions and the work exhibited in private studios, still this hasty review will give some idea of the amount and variety of the American work and the high degree of its attainment in excellence.

TO those who know with what sincerity and inspiring enthusiasm Robert Henri has followed his ideal of art, the character of the recent exhibition of the work achieved by his pupils in one season could not be an entire surprise. The exhibition was held at the school during the third week of May. There were two rooms, the walls crowded with canvases that warred continually for attention. The first effect was a disorderly mass of color in which one was struck by the richness of the reds used in some of the canvases. However, when the attention once settled upon any one picture, it proved to be strong enough in interest to hold the eye against all the others. The pictures were far from faultless. The work was in many cases crude, the drawing frequently left much to be desired, but each was rich in life. One felt that, throughout the whole exhibition, the great fundamentals of art

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were present; the young artist had not stopped to pick his way through the fine externalities, but at a glance had husked the subject and got to the underlying inspiration. The pictures radiated vitality and one returned to them over and over with renewed intensity of interest. There was a freedom of conception, a liberation of the artist's personality showing in the handling of the subjects that was inspiring to the beholder and held him fascinated.

It is impossible to analyze the charm that all of these student canvases possessed. There was individuality in subject and in treatment; they were not, as the saying goes, "all tarred with the same brush" of a master mind, but in all was present a definite quality of charm. Perhaps it was the expression of youth that so bravely showed itself, and, as always, had its magnetism, or the charm that fresh enthusiasm gives to a piece of work; but we are inclined to think that it was the spiritual fascination that lies in unadorned truth, the passing straight through the bewildering layers of small meanings and suggestions with which Nature masks all forms of life and dealing with what really is.

We do not make these comments inevitably from the point of view of the critic toward finished work, but as expressing profound interest in the efforts of students, wherein one finds so seldom anything but a polite and hesitating approach to the subject in hand, with a continuous glancing backward to the guidance of someone behind.

When Mr. Henri severed his connection with the Art League in the fall of 1908 several of his students begged him to continue as their teacher. Feeling that the success of the school depended more upon enthusiasm and earnestness, such as this little band displayed, than upon numbers, Mr. Henri opened a regular course of instruction, and the result of this exhibit has more than justified his undertaking. Worthy of especial notice was the work

of Miss Elmendorf, Miss Vanderhoff, Miss London and Mr. Springhorn.

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THE Year Book of "The Studio" has just come to us for review. We know of no publication that can surpass this in make-up, except perhaps the monthly copy of the magazine. The quality of the paper, the clarity of the type, and the proportion and arrangement of the cuts make it a delight to handle. In this issue the index of the book has been improved; the work has been divided into five sections, each one dealing with certain well-defined branches of decoration and applied art. In these sections the names of the designers, together with the illustrations of their work, are arranged in alphabetical order, the address of each artist immediately following the name. This arrangement greatly increases the value of the book for reference purposes.

In looking through the contents we find much that is charming in idea and execution, but we cannot help wondering what is happening to the German nation in the matter of interior decoration. We do not understand their use of dots and checker-board squares as a decoration for wall hangings, the continuous sight of which is enough to throw even a well-balanced mind into an hysterical state. In one bedroom designed by Professor Snell, where a geometrical arrangement of such dots supplies we know not what, but certainly not restfulness, to the walls, the furniture seems to have been made from old-fashioned bed-slats painted white. This monotonous slat system, without an atom of variation or imagination, is repeated in every article of furniture, even to the screen before the window.

Another extraordinary interior is designed by Ludwig Hirschfeld, who is an official architect to the Government. This room is the entrance hall to a country house and contains some mediocre, par-

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tially comfortable furniture; the walls are plaster, tinted in a light shade; the woodwork is very dark. Three feet below the ceiling, a pronounced molding runs around the room and is the first thing that catches the eye. The doors, narrow, in proportion to the size of the room, shoot up at varying heights above this molding so that in looking about the hall, the eye feels as if it were on a steeplechase, since, naturally, following the course of the dark molding, it has to keep hurdling the doors. The proportions of the woodwork and plaster are nerve-racking. But it is nothing to the exciting, terrifying nursery designed by Frau Fanny Harlfinger-Zakucka.

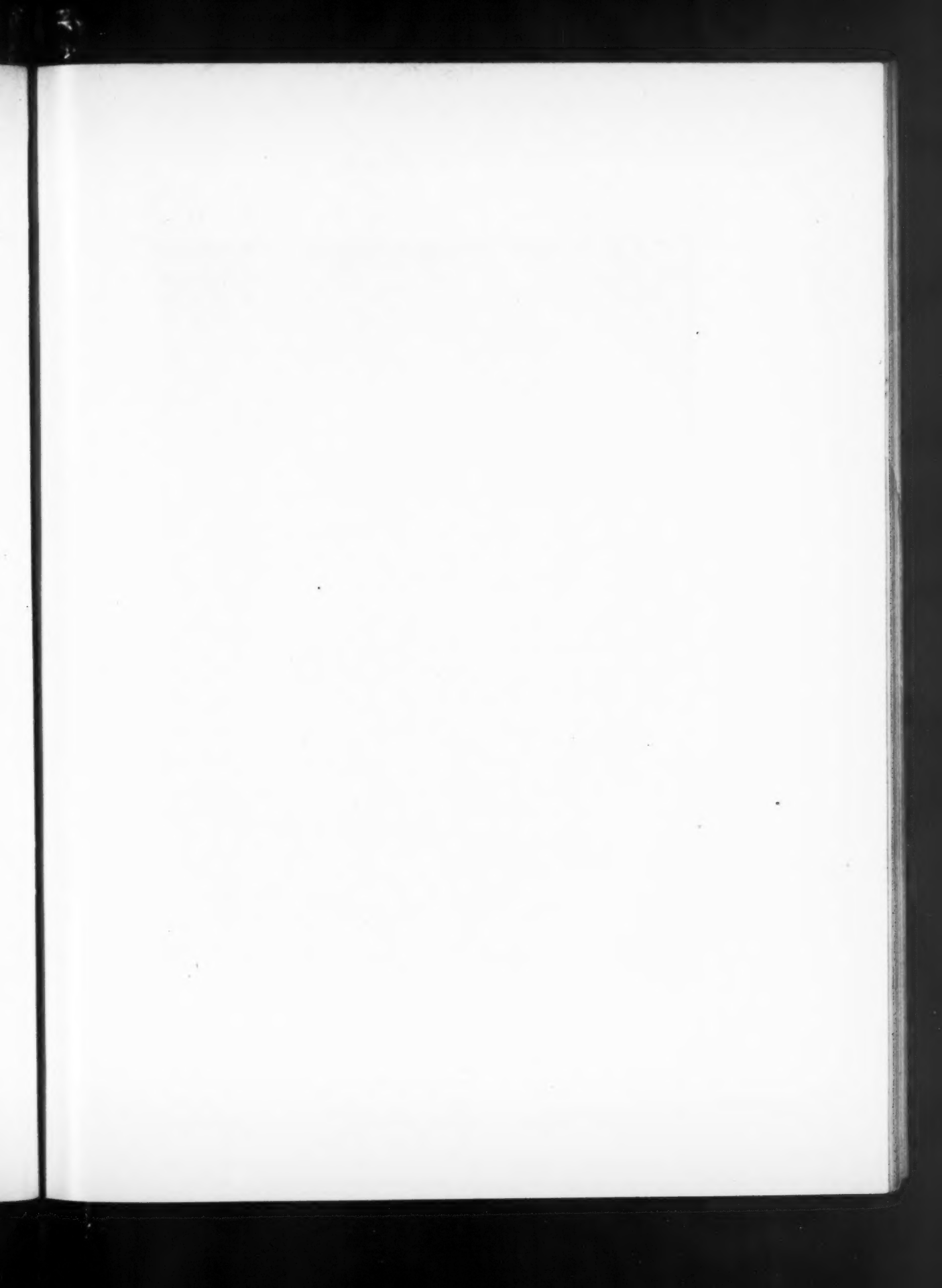
We are criticizing this nursery from an American point of view. In America the end and aim of the nursery is to be a sane and quieting influence in the child's life. Of course, we know that we are a nervous race; our every effort is not to stimulate unduly the imagination and nervous organism of our children. It may not be so in Germany,—we hope it is not,—because it is safe to say that if it were the little inmates of this nursery would be hysterio-neurasthenics at the age of four. There is hardly a straight line in the place. The legs and arms of the furniture seem to have been made from the backs of great black beetles strung together. As the light reflects from the rounded surfaces, they seem to crawl up on themselves. A toy-cabinet has this same style of legs, but the front is perfectly plain, except for a sort of weird design like a cyclopean eye in what, from the proportions of the thing, we cannot help regarding as its forehead. The wall paper is white, thickly sprinkled with large, dark dots. As one looks at them, they shift about rapidly, arranging and rearranging themselves in quick succession into triangles, diamonds, and squares. The walls are finished at the corners and top by boa-constrictors apparently in convulsions—at least, the stiff moldings are round and mottled like that snake. Against this background are

hung poster-like pictures that any normal child would—well, did children generally appreciate Aubrey Beardsley? The frieze arranged between two parallel snakes represents a fairy pageant, but the figures are so degenerate and conventionalized that the effect is not only grotesque, but unhealthy and really bad. We do not wish to be harsh but, given one spark of imagination, no one could live in that room and remain sane. Think of the life that firelight would give to those figures! How those snakelike trimmings would writhe, and those black beetles crawl up one another, and how the cyclops-eye would glare upon the wee person in his bed; he would fall to thinking that the weird, giant butterflies drawing the Princess' chariot were about to flutter down from the wall and light upon his face with their sticky legs. If the wee person were an American, he would hug his Teddy Bear and scream.

In refreshing contrast was a corner in a dining room of an English house designed by Percy Lancaster, with good substantial woodwork, simple decoration and an honest purpose of utility behind everything. Mr. Baillie Scott was the designer of another delightful English interior, which is reproduced in this issue.

Two plaster panels, "The Dance" and "The Fates," by Miss Helen Langley, were full of grace and movement, and the former showed particularly beautiful group composition. Some of the most original and attractive work in colored plaster was done by Miss E. M. Rope, while Miss Margaret Rope was the author of a delicate and imaginative design for a window.

The general impression of the book, however, is that the material is not worthy the careful and artistic manner in which it is represented. ("The Studio" Year Book of Decorative Art. Illustrated. 163 pages. Price, \$3.50; postage, 35 cents. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)





*See page 525*

**"THE PEOPLE WEEP": A BRONZE STATUE STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG IN PARIS: BY JULES VAN BIESBROCK, A BELGIAN PAINTER AND SCULPTOR OF A PROFOUNDLY HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT.**